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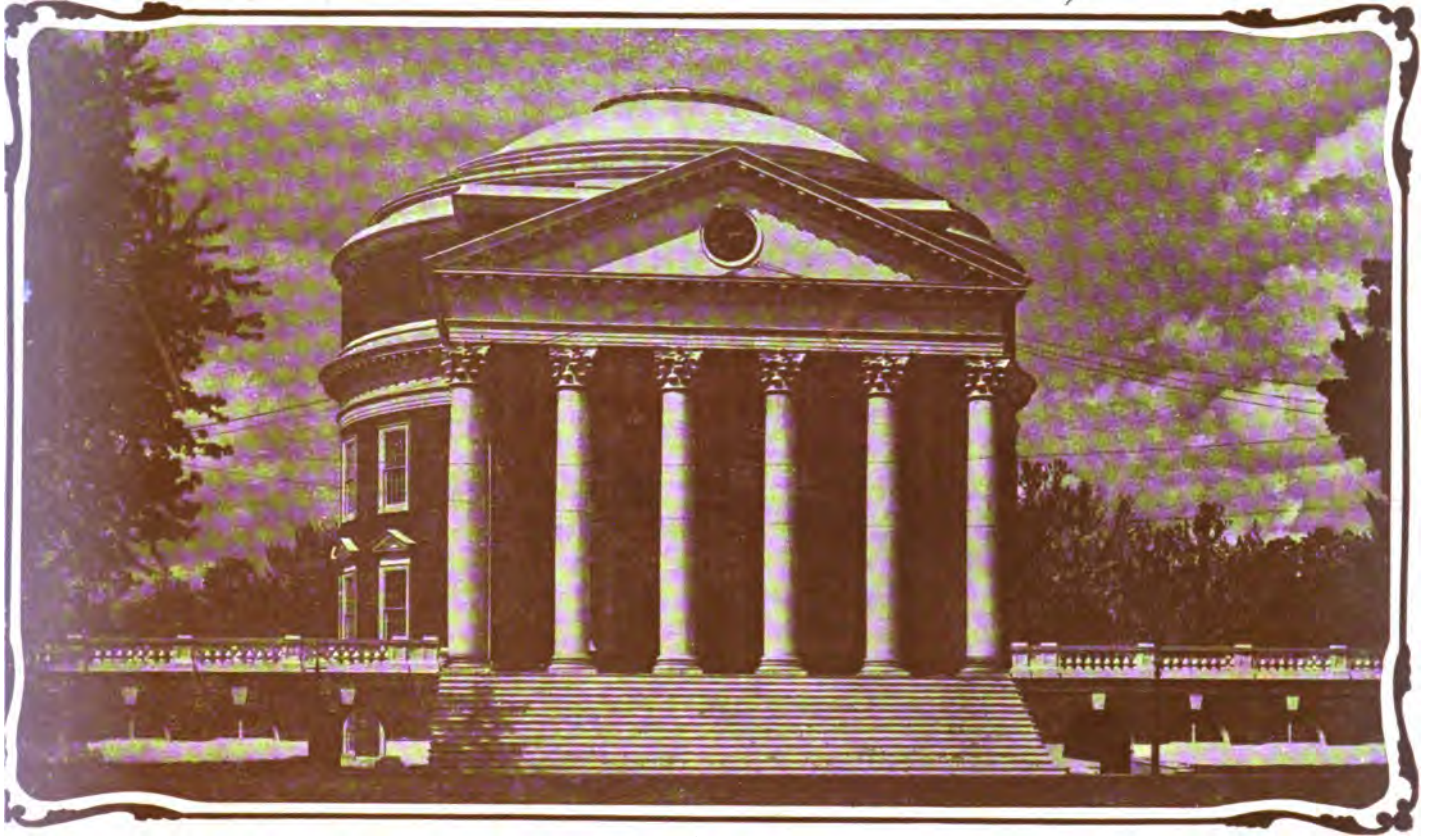
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SONGS
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
VIRGINIA

SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

COMPILED AND EDITED BY
A. FREDERICK WILSON



PUBLISHED BY
HINDS, NOBLE & ELDREDGE
31-33-35 West 15th Street
New York City

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Boott fund

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17-12

Dedication

**To her who has taught us a new melody—a song as strong
as the hills, as fair as her love, as deep as the
sea—to our loved Alma Mater, Virginia,
we dedicate this little book**

FOREWORD

IT does seem remarkable that out of the long decades of song and romance which have clustered themselves about this old University, there has never before come a collection of her songs.

There is no other institution in this broad land where song and student life have been more closely interwoven. There is hardly an evening, whatever be the season, that the casual stroller does not hear the song of the reveler floating out across the Lawn, straying down from Carr's Hill, or at best those brave attempts at close harmony, struggling thitherward from 'The Corners.

The Virginia Glee Club has made an enviable reputation, gathering its material from these wayward sources, but with the exception of the Glee Club there has been no organ wherein these songs of our Alma Mater might assume permanent form, both for their preservation and wider circulation.

Every Alumnus should have a copy of his University Song Book in his home; it will renew the old spirit; it will refresh the old memories; it will make you a firmer and truer son of the old Alma Mater.

In compiling the book the Editor was somewhat surprised at the general demand for the alteration of certain lines in two of the oldest songs of the University. Had he the talent or the authority to comply with these demands, he might have done so; fortunately having neither, the songs have been printed without change. It has, however, been thought best to put this matter before the students and Alumni for general discussion. The first change that was suggested was in the first verse of "The Good Old Song." There seemed to be a general question as to the dignity of the words "shout and roar." Again, in the seventh line, there were many requests for the substitution of the word "cheer" for "yell." The second song to have its lines criticized was "The Orange and the Blue." There were not a few requests for an entire rewriting of this old classic. The Editor will admit that he tried many reconstructions of both these songs, but finally gave it up, convinced that it was useless

FOREWORD

to try to patch up an old instrument, grown mellow and soft by age, with new material. It was impossible to place the patches without changing all that went to make the tone pure, deep, and significant.

Many of the songs in this collection are new. It is hoped that they may find some place beside those already known, and that they may add a little to the charm of song life at the University.

There is very little need of expatiating upon the value of college song to college spirit. You who have once clasped your fellow's hand and raised the old choruses to the skies, know its significance. You who have watched a tired and defeated team draw new life and strength from the song of their fellows on the stands, know its practicability.

Of the collection as a whole there is very little to be said. It is hoped that the men will add some new treasure to it each year, and that the work thus begun will go on as a permanent organ in the college life. The Editors wish to acknowledge their indebtedness to Miss Irving, of Charlottesville, for her careful reading of all the proofs.

The Editor gives the book to the University with the hope that it will be received, as it was compiled, with an earnest and honest desire to further and at the same time preserve the student songs of Virginia.

A. FREDERICK WILSON.

April 10, 1906.

Editorial Committee:

ALBERT FREDERIC CHANDLER.

CHARLES S. McVEIGH.

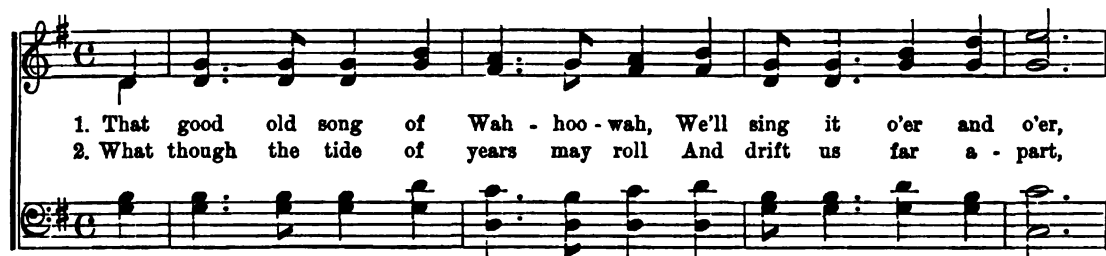
CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
Alma Mater	20	Maid of Athens	74
Alumni Song	21	Man Who Has Plenty of Good Peanuts, The	68
Annie Laurie	75	Massa's in the Cold Ground	46
Auld Lang Syne	83	Mermaid, The.	72
Bavarian Yodel	77	Midshipmite, The	78
Behold the Team	16	My Bonnie	63
Blow, Ye Winds, Heigh-Ho!	48	My Last Cigar	71
Boys Who Wear the V, The	84	My Old Kentucky Home.	26
Bull Dog, The	35	Oh, Caroline!	84
Ching-a-ling	42	Oh, We Take Him from the Country	84
Co-ca-che-lunk.	50	Old Black Joe.	47
College Days	7	Old College Chum	17
Comin' Thro' the Rye.	67	Old Virginia	3
Commencement Hymn, A	14	Orange and Blue, The.	4
Crow Song.	70	Our College Cheer	6
Danube River.	38	Over the Banister	34
Dixie's Land	86	Polly-Wolly-Doodle	32
Drinking Song	41	Quilting Party, The	29
Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes	37	Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	54
Ecce Quam Bonum.	15	Romeo and Juliet	52
Evening Campus Song	14	Rotunda Song.	19
Farewell Forever	80	Sailing	66
Festal Day is Come, The	60	Soldier's Farewell	31
Forsaken	64	Stars of the Summer Night.	35
Funeral Song	10	Sweet and Low	36
Gaudeamus.	55	Then Here's a Cheer	13
Glory to Virginia	12	There's Music in the Air	25
Good night, Ladies!	83	Thy Flowerlet.	17
Good Old College Days, The	81	Tom-Big-Bee River	51
Good Old Song, The	1	University of Virginia Hymn	2
Hail the Orange and the Blue.	8-9	Upidee	30
Happy Are We To-night.	76	Virginia Chapel Bell	18
Here's to Old Virginia	24	Virginia's Banner	9
Here's to Our Prexie	15	Vive L'Amour	73
Hike, Virginia!	84	Warrior Bold, A.	62
Hurrah for the Orange and the Blue!	85	We Meet Again To-night	56
I Arise from Dreams of Thee.	82	We're the Stuff, Boys	85
In College Days	16	Where Has My Little Dog Gone.	44
In Our Valley	11	Where, Oh Where	58
Integer Vitae	45	Yells	85
Jolly Boating Weather	59		
Juanita	28		
Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl.	40		
Last Night	65		
Long Live Our College	3		

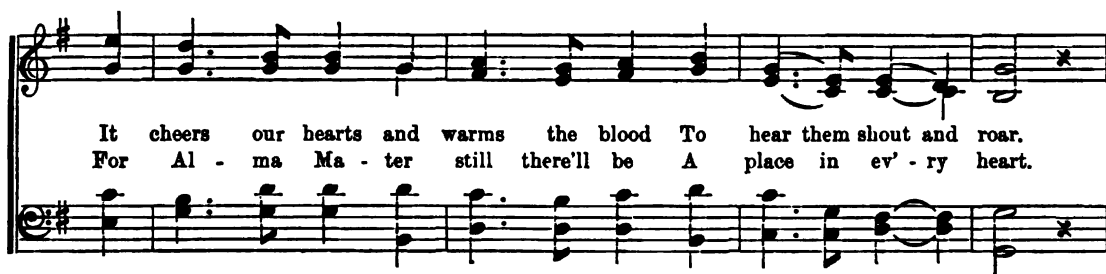
SONGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

THE GOOD OLD SONG.

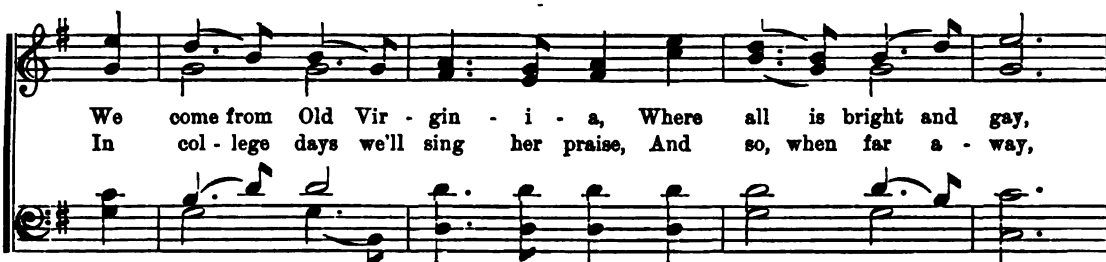
Words by Edward A. Craighill, '95.



1. That good old song of Wah - hoo - wah, We'll sing it o'er and o'er,
2. What though the tide of years may roll And drift us far a - part,



It cheers our hearts and warms the blood To hear them shout and roar.
For Al - ma Ma - ter still there'll be A place in ev' - ry heart.



We come from Old Vir - gin - i - a, Where all is bright and gay,
In col - lege days we'll sing her praise, And so, when far a - way,



Let's all join hands and give a yell For the dear old U - V - a.
In mem - o - ry we still shall be At the dear old U - V - a.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA HYMN.

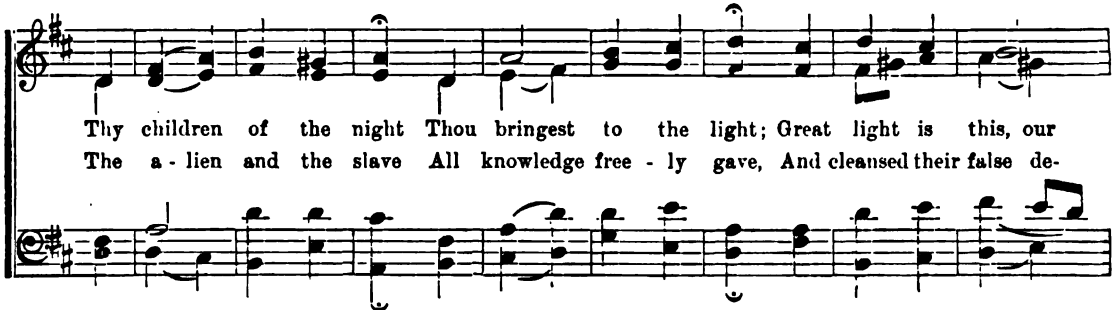
Words by A. Frederick Wilson, '05.



1. Lord God of hosts, Al-might-y King, We hum-bly come be-fore.... Thee,
2. The book and com-pass didst Thou give All wis-dom called be-fore.... Thee,



And kneel with prais-es while we sing, All hail, the King of glo-ry!
And bidst that knowledge free-ly live, Fair hand-maid to Thy glo-ry.



Thy children of the night Thou bringest to the light; Great light is this, our
The a-lien and the slave All knowledge free-ly gave, And cleansed their false de-



God, Here where our fa-thers trod—Lord, bless and keep it ev-er.
sires Here at Thy al-tar fires—Lord, keep Thy tem-ple ev-er.

(2)

OLD VIRGINIA.

Words by A. F. Wilson, '05.

Air: Virginia Version.

AIR: 2D TENOR.

1. X Come, ye true sons of Vir-gin-ia, Hail, ye com-rades dear; Let's sing a song to
 2. Let's sing a-gain of her old glo-ry, Tell a-gain her fame; Vir-gin-ia, thou so
 3. Then when at last our songs are done, And suns are sink-ing low, From out the gloom and

CHORUS. *ritard.*

Al - ma Ma - ter, Raise your voi - ces clear.
 old in sto - ry, Sa - cred is thy name. } Oh, ho, Vir - gin - ia, loved Al - ma Ma - ter,
 dark to us Vir - gin - ia's lamp shall glow. }

tempo. *ritard.*

To thee we sing once more, And pledge our heart's de-vo - tion true Till sing-ing days are o'er.

LONG LIVE OUR COLLEGE.

Long may she live, our Col - lege fair!..... Long may she live, our Col - lege
 our Col - lege fair!

cres. *rit.*

fair!..... Long live!..... Long live!..... our Col - lege fair!
 our Col - lege fair! Long may she live! Long may she live! Long may she live!

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

Let's fill up a glass and drink a rous-ing health To old Vir-gin - ia's name; We are the

boys who bear her shield a - broad, And seek to brighten her fame; Where there is sport a - bout we're

sure to be there To take a hand in the game; Tho' a - far from home a -
In the game;

broad we roam, The song that we sing is the same. same. Then drink, drink,
Let's fill up La, la, la, la, la, la

drink, drink, Drink to the or - ange and blue! A - way, then, with sor - row, Who
la, la, la, la, way La, la, with la, la,

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

care for to - mor - row, When life is new? Then drink, drink, drink, drink,
 sor - row, la, la, la, la, La, la, la, la, la, la, ta, la,

Drink to the or - orange and blue! For the name that we bear, And the col - ors we wear, Be
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

ev - er true. Tra, la, tra, la, la, tra, la, tra, la, We'll wake the sounding
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la,

ech - oes till morn. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 Boom, ta, ta, ta, boom, ta, ta, ta, boom, ta, ta, ta,

la, Till the dark - ness of the night is gone. Tra, la, la, We'll shout and
 boom, ta, ta, ta, dark - ness of (5)

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

tra, la, la, sing, and wake up tra, la, la, the night, tra, la, la, And o - pen our

la, With hor - ri - ble de - light we'll break all the win - dows, And
ru - by lips, With great de - light we'll break the win - dows,

yell with all our might, And nev - er think of stop - ping till dawn.
And nev - er stop till dawn.

OUR COLLEGE CHEER.

TENORS.
Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! How we love our col - lege
BASSES.
Pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom,

cheer; Our col - lege cheer, Rah! rah! rah! rah! Yes, we love our col - lege cheer.
pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom, pom.
(Give the college cheer.)

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COLLEGE DAYS.


Words by A. F. W., '05.

MIXED VOICES.


p



1. Oh, col - lege days fair - er than flow - ers, Mem - o - ries dear - est to me,.....
2. The ros - es of springtime may with - er, Sum - mers will lin - ger and fade;....



x Friend - ships as pure as the show - ers That fall un - seen to the sea;.....
All si - lent - ly out on the riv - er Will pass each for - tune we've laid;....



Fair hopes.. that bloom in the spring - time, x Loves that lin - ger al - way,.....
But lin - ger - ing there in the twi - light, We'll hold to mem - o - ries dear,.....



Oh, dear - ly we love old Vir - gin - ia, Yea, love her dear - ly al - way....
For dear - ly we love old Vir - gin - ia, Yea, love her dear - ly al - way....



HAIL THE ORANGE AND THE BLUE.

Words by A. Frederick Wilson, '05.

First Air: Adapted.

1ST TENOR.

AIR: 2D TENOR.

1. The ban - ner of old E - li's sons is bright and fair to see, And
2. Then fill your glass - es to the brim and raise them to the skies, And

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.



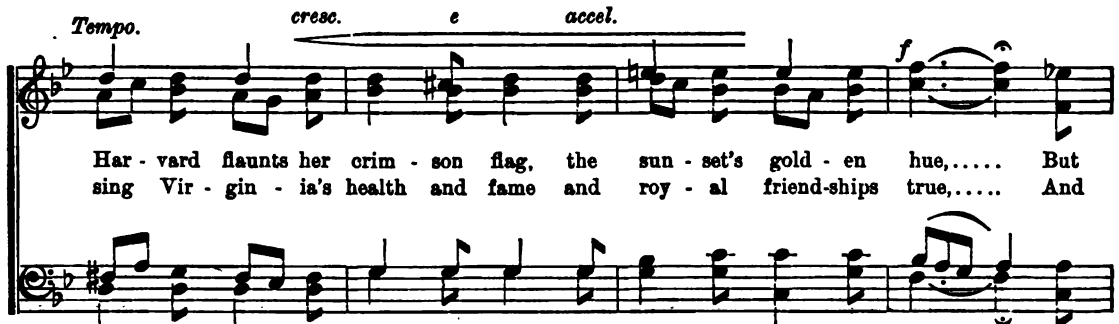
ritard.

Prince-ton's ti - ger waves his tail in play - ful ec - sta - sy.... Old
pledge each heart in loy - al - ty, the ban - ner as she flies.... We'll



Tempo. *cresc.* *e* *accel.*

Har - vard flaunts her crim - son flag, the sun - set's gold - en hue,.... But
sing Vir - gin - ia's health and fame and roy - al friend-ships true,.... And



Tempo. *ritard.*

fair - er than these flags, all hail the Or - ange and the Blue....
cheer, each moth - er's son of us, the Or - ange and the Blue....



HAIL THE ORANGE AND THE BLUE.

Words by A. F. W., '05.

Second Air.

1. The ban - ner of old E - li's sons is bright and fair to see,.....
 2. Then fill your glass - es to the brim and raise them to the skies,....

And Prince - ton's ti - ger waves his tail in play - ful ec - sta - sy.....
 And pledge, each heart in loy - al - ty, the ban - ner as she flies.....

Old Har - vard flaunts her crim - son flag, the sun - set's gold - en hue,.....
 We'll sing Vir - gin - ia's health and fame and roy - al friend-ships true,.....

But fair - er than these flags, all hail the Or - ange and the Blue.
 And cheer, each moth - er's son of us, the Or - ange and the Blue.

VIRGINIA'S BANNER.

Words by
Graham Cootes, '02.

Air: Chorus of
"Every Race has a Flag but the Coon."

Princeton waves the Black and Orange,
 Harvard boasts the Crimson bright;
 Even Georgetown has her colors,
 Carolina Blue and White;
 Yale and Pennsy and the Indians
 Have their colors like the rest.
 What would old Virginia do
 Without the Orange and the Blue?
 Every college has a flag, but ours is best.

(9)

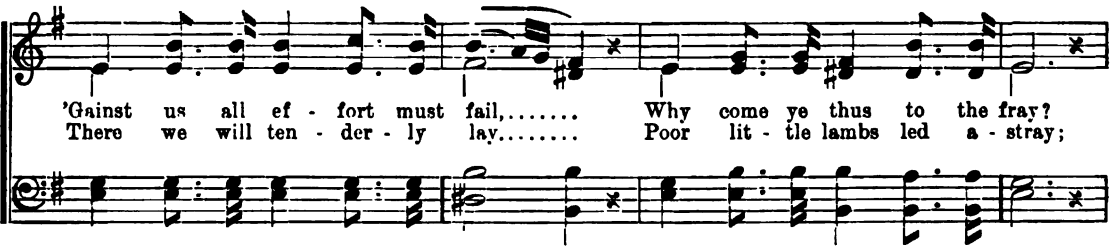
FUNERAL SONG.*

Words by F. A., '04.

To be sung very slowly.

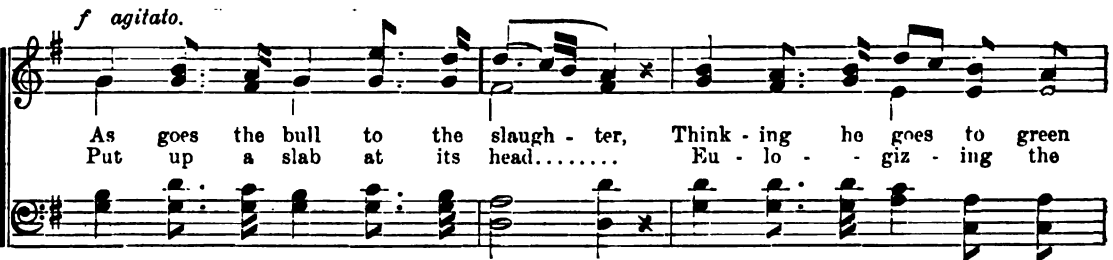


1. Oh, ye poor way-ward sons of Baal..... Poor lit - tle lambs all a - stray,..
2. In yon-der church-yard by the sea..... We have a place all for thee,...



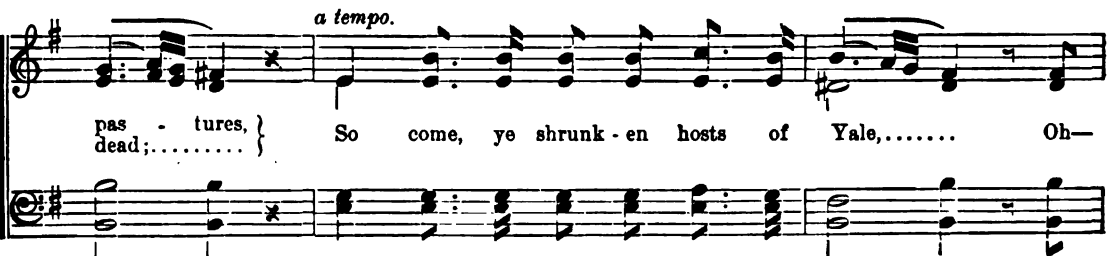
'Gainst us all ef - fort must fail,..... Why come ye thus to the fray?
There we will ten - der - ly lay..... Poor lit - tle lambs led a - stray;

f agitato.



As goes the bull to the slaugh - ter, Think - ing he goes to green
Put up a slab at its head..... Eu - lo - giz - ing the

a tempo.



pas - tures, } So come, ye shrunk - en hosts of Yale,..... Oh—
dead;..... }

rit.



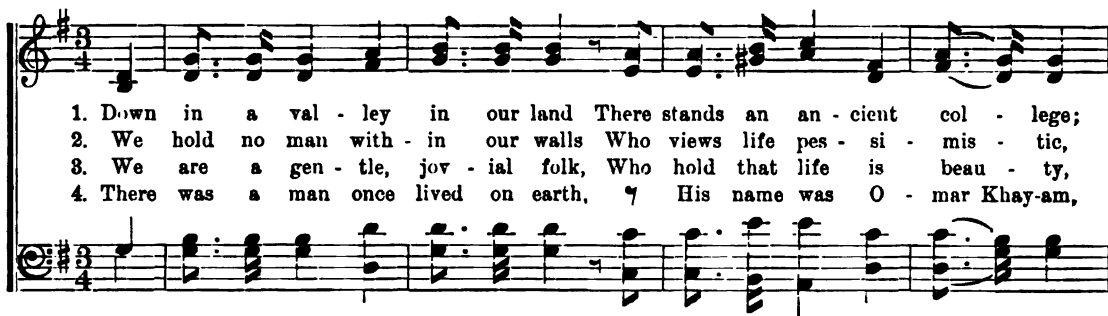
oh— oh— oh—oh— (groan)..... O—h— o—h— o—h— o—h—

* This song is to be sung as one long wall, with as weird an effect as possible.

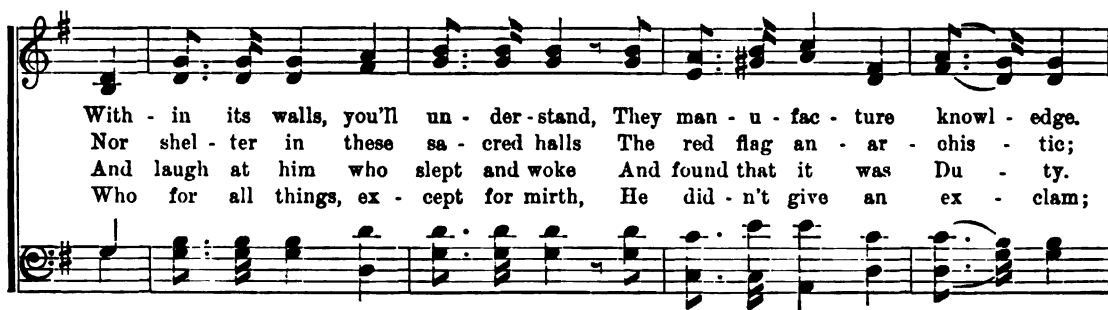
† Name of any college may be substituted.

IN OUR VALLEY.

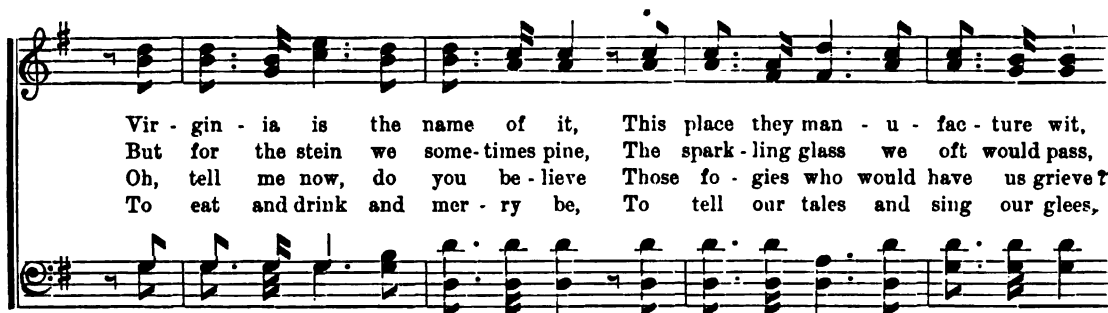
Words by M. W. V.



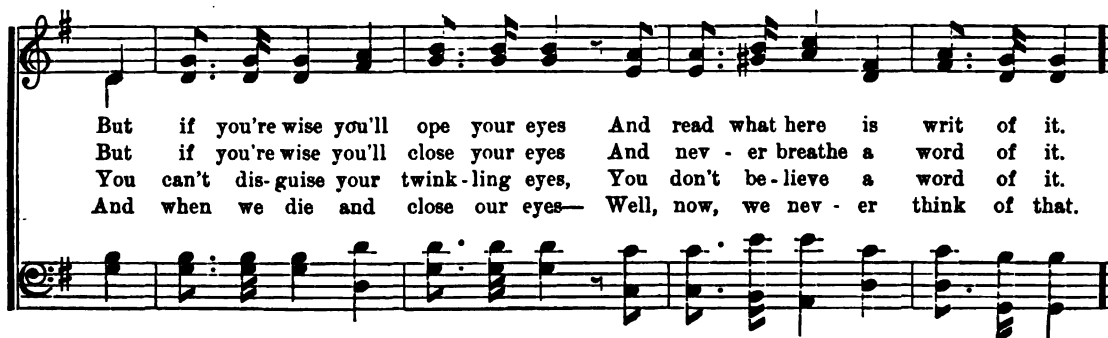
1. Down in a val - ley in our land There stands an an - cient col - lege;
2. We hold no man with - in our walls Who views life pes - si - mis - tic,
3. We are a gen - tle, jov - ial folk, Who hold that life is beau - ty,
4. There was a man once lived on earth, 7 His name was O - mar Khay-am,



With - in its walls, you'll un - der - stand, They man - u - fac - ture knowl - edge.
Nor shel - ter in these sa - cred halls The red flag an - ar - ohis - tic;
And laugh at him who slept and woke And found that it was Du - ty.
Who for all things, ex - cept for mirth, He did - n't give an ex - clam;



Vir - gin - ia is the name of it, This place they man - u - fac - ture wit,
But for the stein we some-times pine, The spark - ling glass we oft would pass,
Oh, tell me now, do you be - lieve Those fo - gies who would have us grieve?
To eat and drink and mer - ry be, To tell our tales and sing our glees,

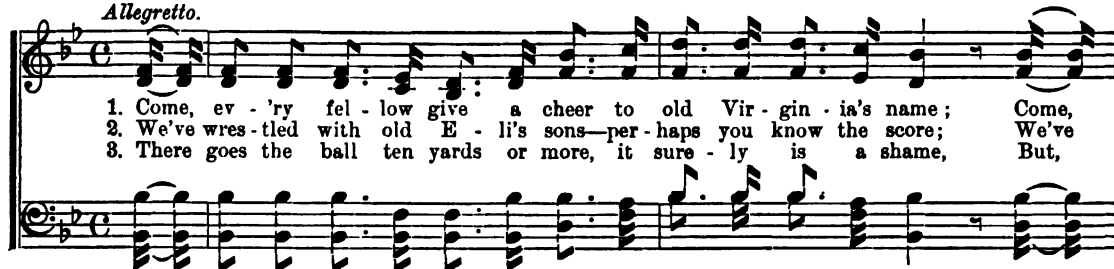


But if you're wise you'll ope your eyes And read what here is writ of it.
But if you're wise you'll close your eyes And nev - er breathe a word of it.
You can't dis - guise your twink - ling eyes, You don't be - lieve a word of it.
And when we die and close our eyes— Well, now, we nev - er think of that.

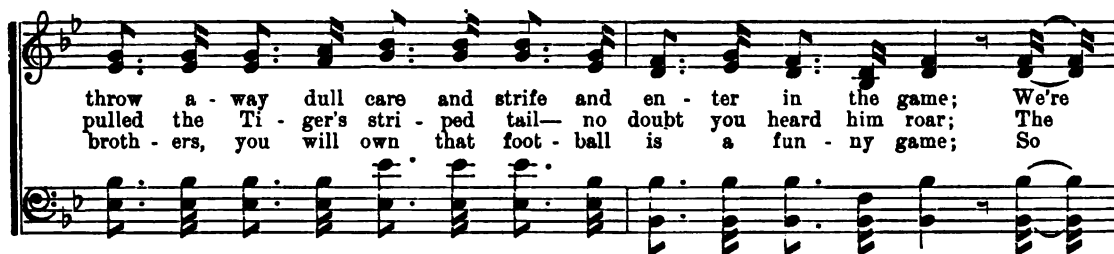
GLORY TO VIRGINIA.

Words by W. A., '05.

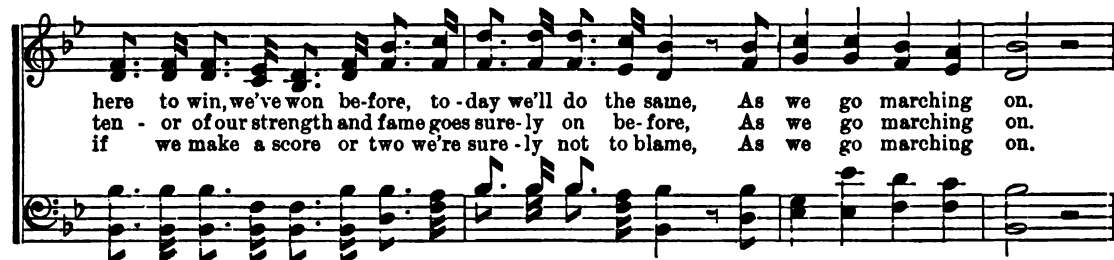
Allegretto.



1. Come, ev - 'ry fel - low give a cheer to old Vir - gin - ia's name; Come,
 2. We've wres - tled with old E - li's sons—per - haps you know the score; We've
 3. There goes the ball ten yards or more, it sure - ly is a shame, But,



throw a - way dull care and strife and en - ter in the game; We're
 pulled the Ti - ger's stri - ped tail—no doubt you heard him roar; The
 broth - ers, you will own that foot - ball is a fun - ny game; So

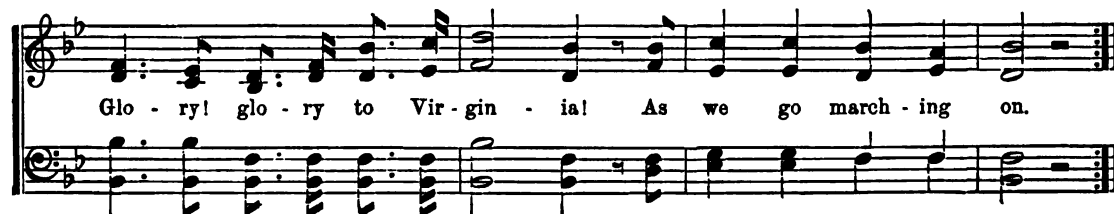


here to win, we've won be - fore, to - day we'll do the same, As we go marching on.
 ten - or of our strength and fame goes sure - ly on be - fore, As we go marching on.
 if we make a score or two we're sure - ly not to blame, As we go marching on.

CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry to Vir - gin - ia! Glo - ry! glo - ry to Vir - gin - ia!



Glo - ry! glo - ry to Vir - gin - ia! As we go march - ing on.

The first line of the third verse can be changed for the baseball season to the following:

"There goes the ball, a home run sure, it really is a shame."

And in the second line, third verse, "football" may be changed to "baseball."

THEN HERE'S A CHEER.


Words by J. W. L.

Air: "There's a Shepherd in the Valley."

mp



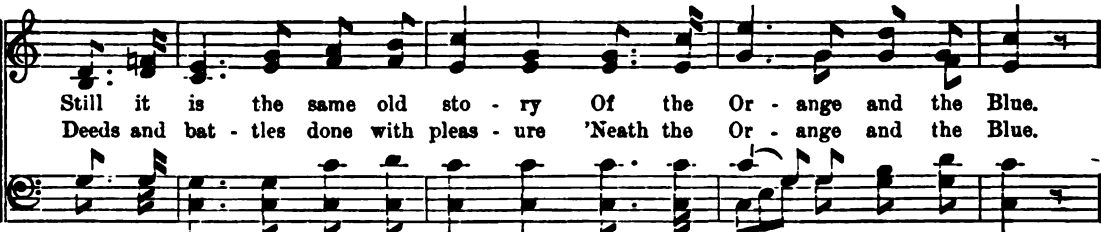
1. Col - lege days so full of pleas - ure, Friend-ships true and jol - li - ty,
 Friendships true, jol - li - ty,
 2. Now we've grown to man-hood's meas - ure, Fill'd with knowl - edge to the core;
 to the core;



'Tis a life be - yond all meas - ure, From all care and sor - row free.
 From all care sor - row free.
 Now we have no time for leis - ure, Col - lege days of fro - lic o'er.
 fro - lic o'er.

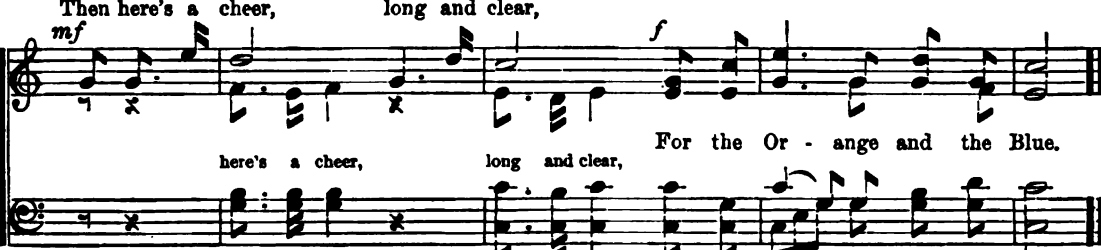


When at first we knew thy glo - ries, Hearts were young and life was new;
 In our mem - 'ries still there lin - ger Loves and com - rades, friend-ships true;



Still it is the same old sto - ry Of the Or - ange and the Blue.
 Deeds and bat - tles done with pleas - ure 'Neath the Or - ange and the Blue.

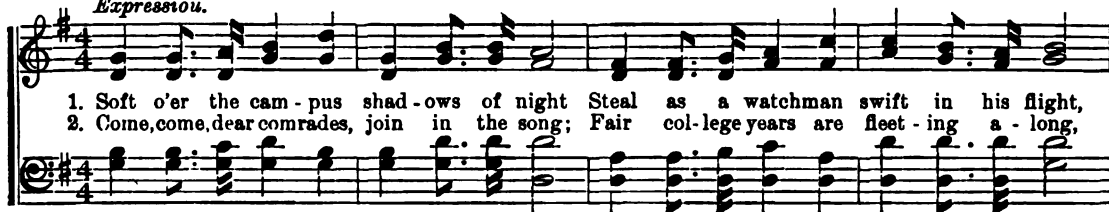
Then here's a cheer, long and clear,
mf



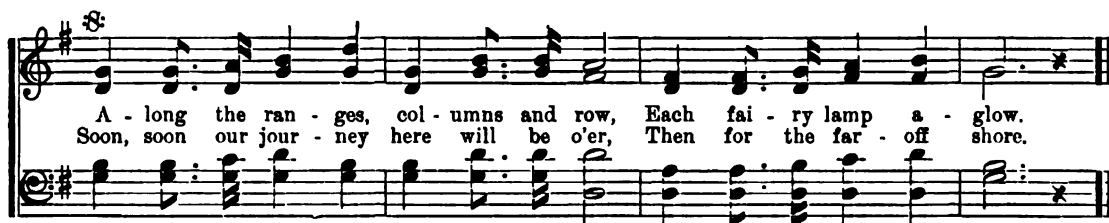
here's a cheer, long and clear, *f* For the Or - ange and the Blue.

Words by W. F., '03.

Expressive.



1. Soft o'er the cam - pus shad - ows of night Steal as a watchman swift in his flight,
2. Come, come, dear comrades, join in the song; Fair col - lege years are fleet - ing a - long,



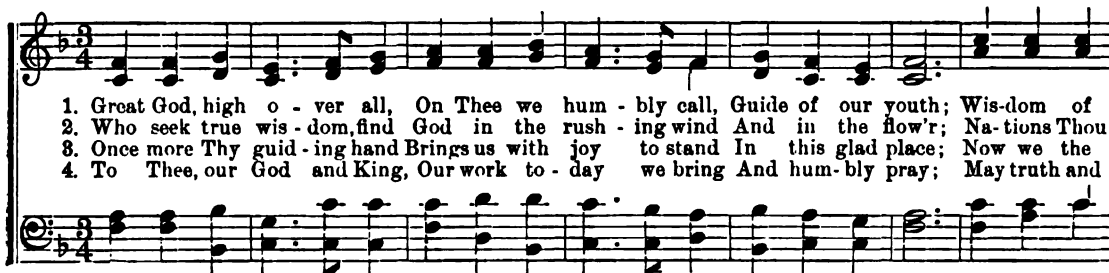
A - long the ran - ges, col - umns and row, Each fai - ry lamp a - glow.
Soon, soon our jour - ney here will be o'er, Then for the far - off shore.

D.S.—In youth's broad years we kneel at thy shrine, Each heart and for - tune thine.

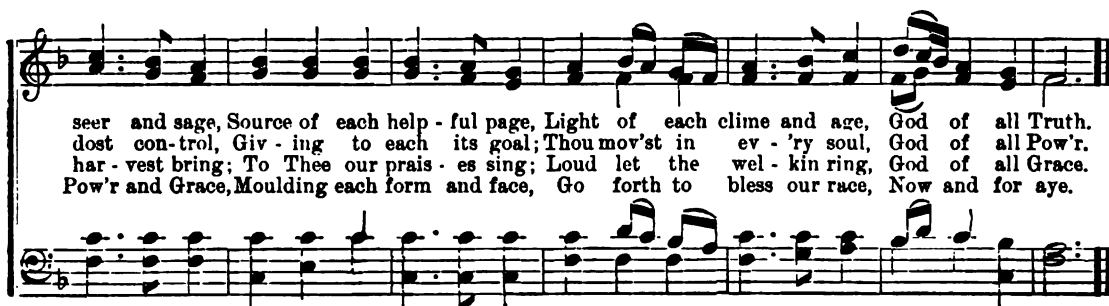
CHORUS. *D.S.*



Then let's sing one song to Old Vir - gin - ia's fame: Blessed Al - ma Ma - ter, sa - cred is thy name;



1. Great God, high o - ver all, On Thee we hum - bly call, Guide of our youth; Wis - dom of
2. Who seek true wis - dom, find God in the rush - ing wind And in the flow'r; Na - tions Thou
3. Once more Thy guid - ing hand Brings us with joy to stand In this glad place; Now we the
4. To Thee, our God and King, Our work to - day we bring And hum - bly pray; May truth and



seer and sage, Source of each help - ful page, Light of each clime and age, God of all Truth.
dost con - trol, Giv - ing to each its goal; Thou mov'st in ev - 'ry soul, God of all Pow'r.
har - vest bring; To Thee our prais - es sing; Loud let the wel - kin ring, God of all Grace.
Pow'r and Grace, Moulding each form and face, Go forth to bless our race, Now and for aye.

HERE'S TO OUR PREXIE.

Unison.

Arranged.

O here's to our Prex - ie, our Prex - ie, our Prex - ie, O

here's to our Prex - ie, He's with us to - night! He's with us, God bless him, He's

with us, God bless him! O here's to our Prex - ie, He's with us to - night!

ECCE QUAM BONUM.

TENORS.

cres.

rit.

Ec - ce quam bo - num, quam-que ju - cun - dum ha - bi - ta - re fra - tres in u - num.

BASSES.

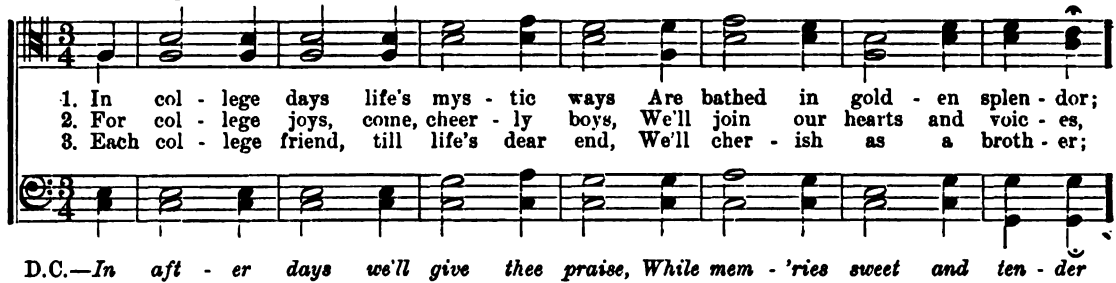
cres.

rit.

IN COLLEGE DAYS.

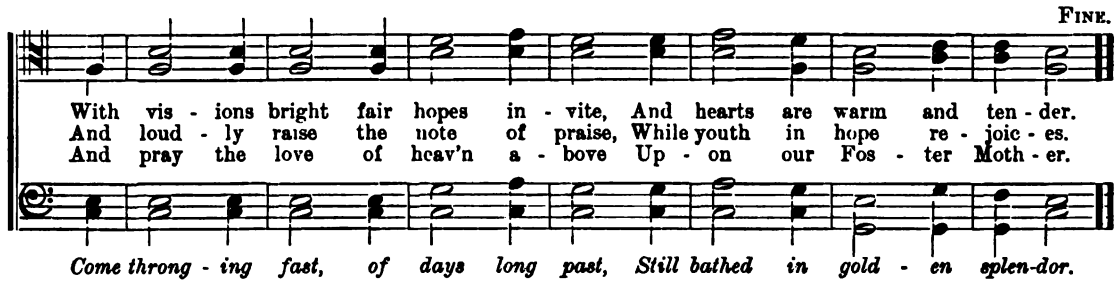
Words by J. W. Wayland, '05.

Music by E. T. Hildebrand.



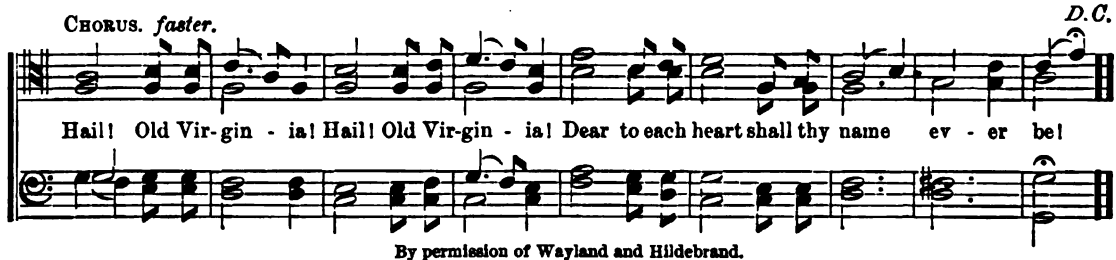
1. In col - lege days life's mys - tic ways Are bathed in gold - en splen - dor;
 2. For col - lege joys, come, cheer - ly boys, We'll join our hearts and voic - es,
 3. Each col - lege friend, till life's dear end, We'll cher - ish as a broth - er;

D.C.—In aft - er days we'll give thee praise, While mem - 'ries sweet and ten - der



With vis - ions bright fair hopes in - vite, And hearts are warm and ten - der.
 And loud - ly raise the note of praise, While youth in hope re - joic - es.
 And pray the love of heav'n a - bove Up - on our Fos - ter Moth - er.

Come throng - ing fast, of days long past, Still bathed in gold - en splen - dor.



CHORUS. *faster.*

Hail! Old Vir - gin - ia! Hail! Old Vir - gin - ia! Dear to each heart shall thy name ev - er be!

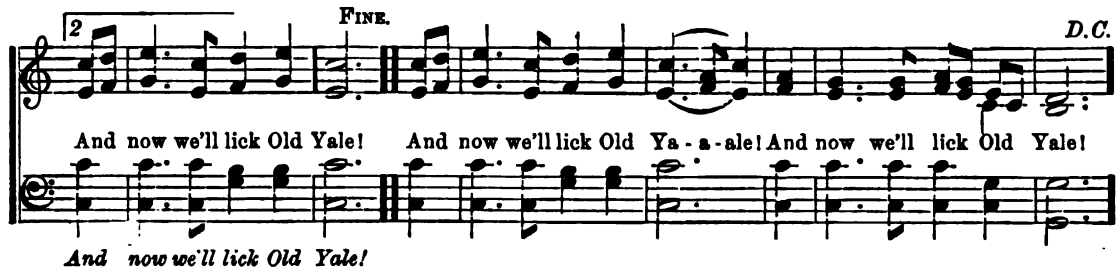
By permission of Wayland and Hildebrand.

BEHOLD THE TEAM.



{ Be - hold the team of U. V - a, So heart - y and so hale;
 { We've licked Lafayette and Le - high too, [Omit.....]

D.C.—We've licked Lafayette and Le - high too, And now we'll lick Old Yale!



And now we'll lick Old Yale! And now we'll lick Old Ya - a - ale! And now we'll lick Old Yale!

And now we'll lick Old Yale!

Words Adapted.

1. O bless - ed Moth - er, how can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
 2. Blue is thy flower - let, 'tis the For - get - me - not, Bloom - ing from

hast my heart, lov'd col - lege home; Thou hast this heart of mine so close - ly
 out thy heart, lov'd col - lege home; E'en flow'rs and song may die, yet love will

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, save thee a - lone.
 ev - er stay, That can - not fade a way, com - rades, be - lieve.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

Arranged for Male Voices.

TENORS.
 1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go, But
 2. Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days Of har - vest time to us shall come, Thro'

BASSES.
 still my heart to mem - ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
 all we'll bear the mem - ries dear Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.

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VIRGINIA CHAPEL BELL.

Words by A. F. W., '05.

AIR.

1. When shad - ows of eve - ning steal down o'er the cam - pus, And
 2. Thro' sun - shine and shad - ow thy voice has been with us, And

gold - en suns are sink - ing in the west, Then list, ev - 'ry fel - low, for
 cheered our hearts with mel - o - dy of song; Then come, ev - 'ry com - rade, let's

soon will be ring - ing Our Chap - el bell's sweet twi - light song of rest.
 join in the cho - rus, And lift the song till ech - o takes it 'long.

CHORUS.

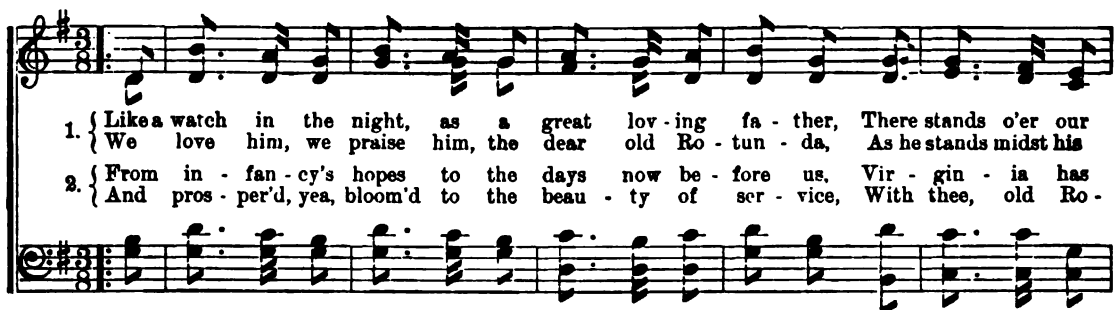
Ring, ring, ring, long and clear, Singing your twilight song so dear, While shadows of evening steal
 dear, song so dear,

ritard.

down o'er the cam - pus, And the red log burns so cheer - i - ly be - fore. fore.

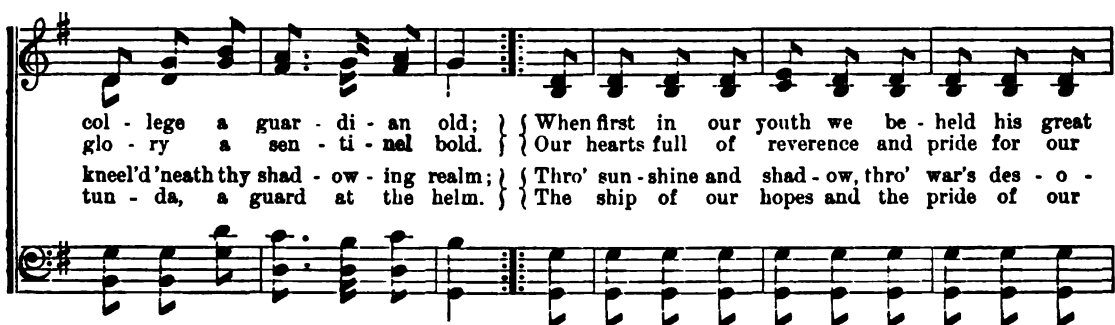
ROTUNDA SONG.

Words by R. S.

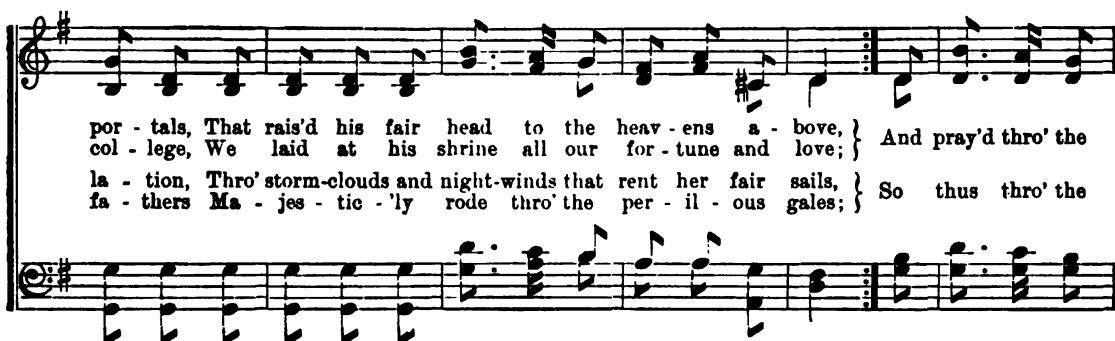


1. { Like a watch in the night, as a great lov - ing fa - ther, There stands o'er our
We love him, we praise him, the dear old Ro - tun - da, As he stands midst his

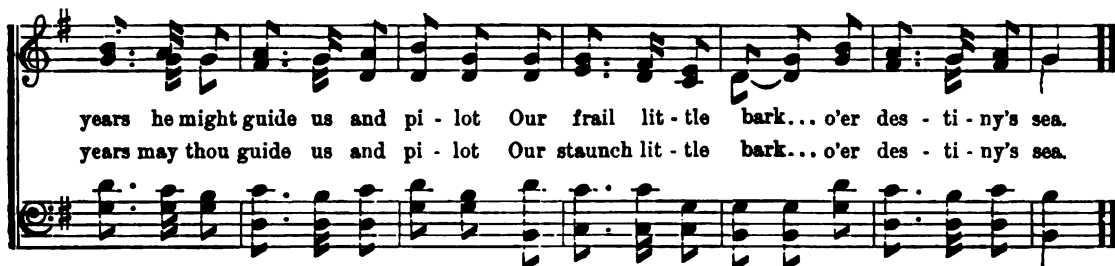
2. { From in - fan - cy's hopes to the days now be - fore us, Vir - gin - ia has
And pros - per'd, yea, bloom'd to the beau - ty of ser - vice, With thee, old Ro -



col - lege a guar - di - an old; } { When first in our youth we be - held his great
glo - ry a sen - ti - nel bold. } { Our hearts full of reverence and pride for our
kneel'd 'neath thy shad - ow - ing realm; } { Thro' sun - shine and shad - ow, thro' war's des - o -
tun - da, a guard at the helm. } { The ship of our hopes and the pride of our



por - tals, That rais'd his fair head to the heav - ens a - bove, } And pray'd thro' the
col - lege, We laid at his shrine all our for - tune and love; }
la - tion, Thro' storm-clouds and night-winds that rent her fair sails, } So thus thro' the
fa - thers Ma - jes - tic - 'ly rode thro' the per - il - ous gales; }



years he might guide us and pi - lot Our frail lit - tle bark... o'er des - ti - ny's sea.
years may thou guide us and pi - lot Our staunch lit - tle bark... o'er des - ti - ny's sea.

ALMA MATER.

Words by A. L. R., '01.

1. In a rose-tint-ed val-ley, en-cir-cled by hills, Rest-ing deep in a land that is
2. Tho' a-ges may come and we pass from these scenes, While oth-ers our pla-ces may

blest, Where the-warm gold-en sun-light brings con-cord and peace, Lies the
fill, Like the rock on the hill-side that weath-ers the storm, Our

col-lege the South-land loves best.... And a-midst those green hills in that
mem-'ries will cling to her still.... Far down thro' the years we'll re-

val-ley of gold Shall our prais-es to her ev-er rise,... Till the
mem-ber her joys, And we'll hal-low the past with a tear,... As we

mountains and hill-sides her hon-ors set forth, And re-ech-o her name to the skies.
mur-mur fare-well to the days that are gone, And the mem-'ry of one that is dear.

ALUMNI SONG.

Words by A. Frederick Wilson, '05.

Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Moderato.

mf

1. With hearts full of glad-ness we gath-er to-day, Come,
2. Then come, all ye com-rades, and raise high the song, Till

com - rades and each fel - low here;..... Let's sing to our
ech - o on ech - o re - sound;..... From cha - pel ro -

col - lege our old stu - dent songs, Those songs which we all love so
tun - da, from lawn, range, and row, We'll send the old cho - rus a -

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ALUMNI SONG.

dear..... We've wan - der'd a - far from these sa - cred old halls, We've
round..... O love of our youth, x dream of our years, O

toil'd in the world's cease-less strife,..... But in all of our roam-ings our
col - lege days, bright morn-ing land,..... Thro' all of our yearn-ings, yea

mem - o - ry calls, Calls us back to the old stu - dent life.....
all of our tears, In.... mem - o - ries dear thou shalt stand.....

CHORUS.

Then here's to you, my friend,..... Here's for - tune with - out

p

ALUMNI SONG.

end;..... Here's health, wealth, and life, Here's free - dom from strife, And


here's my heart and hand..... May life ev - er

be..... Full years of jol - i - ty;..... So raise now your

glass To wife, friend, or lass, And raise to Vir - gin - - ia dear.....

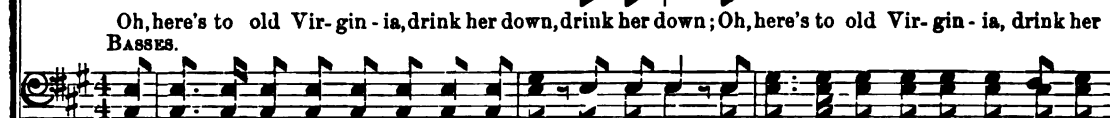

HERE'S TO OLD VIRGINIA.

TENORS. (*Melody in 2d Tenor.*)




Oh, here's to old Vir- gin - ia, drink her down, drink her down; Oh, here's to old Vir- gin - ia, drink her

BASSES.


down, drink her down; Oh, here's to U. V. A., Here's a health to her, I say, Oh,....



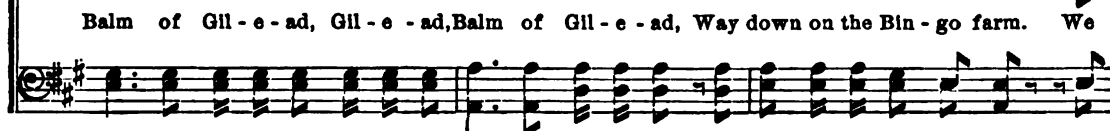

FINE.



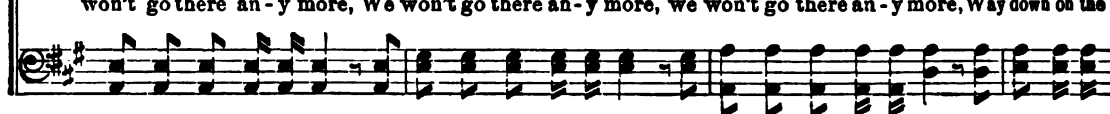
here's to old Vir-ginia, drink her down, down, down. Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad,


Balm of Gil - e - ad, Gil - e - ad, Balm of Gil - e - ad, Way down on the Bin - go farm. We

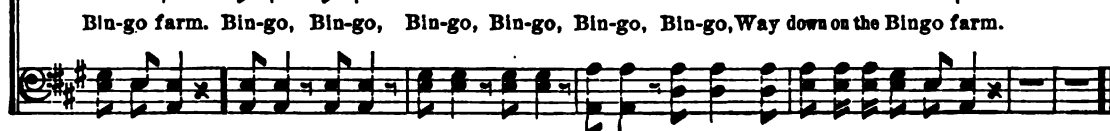
won't go there an - y more, We won't go there an - y more, we won't go there an - y more, Way down on the



D.C.



Bin-go farm. Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Bin-go, Way down on the Bingo farm.



* The name of any other college may be substituted for Yale.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.

p SOLO.

1. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And
 2. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the noontide's sul - try beam Re -
 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . . . When the twi-light's gen - tle sigh Is

faint its blush is seen . . . On the bright and laugh - ing sky.
 flects a gold - en light . . . On the dis - tant moun - tain stream.
 lost on eve - ning's breast, . . . As the pen - sive beau - ties die.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah! Siss, Boom! Ah! Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah!

Man - ya harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of joy pro - found,
 When, be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing head is laid,
 Then, O then the loved ones gone, Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,

TENOR AND BASS.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Siss, Boom! Ah! With a Ti - ger Siss, Boom! Ah!

While we list en - chant - ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
 Sweet - ly to the spi - rit there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
 An - gel vol - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

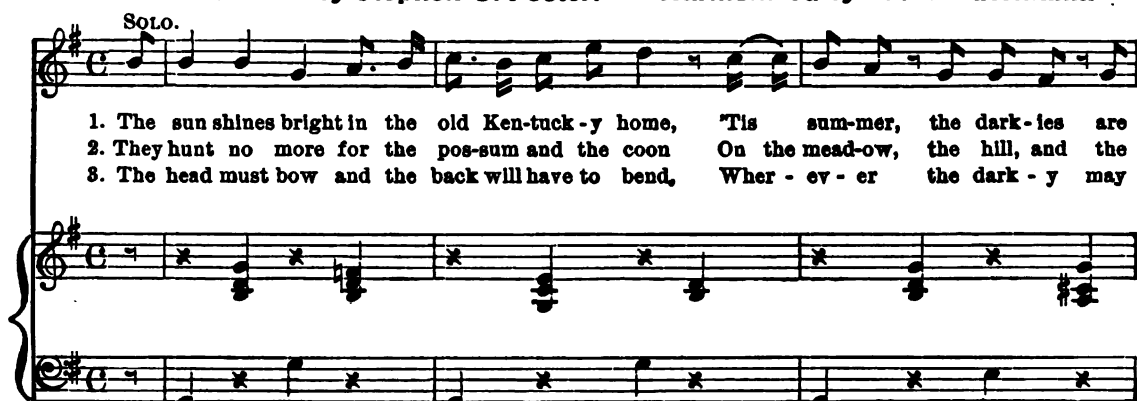
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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

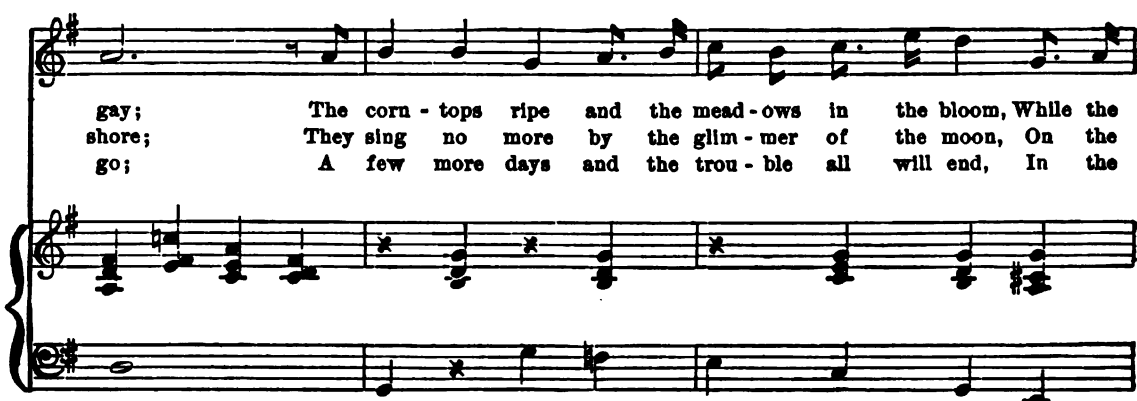
Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Harmonized by E. J. Biedermann.

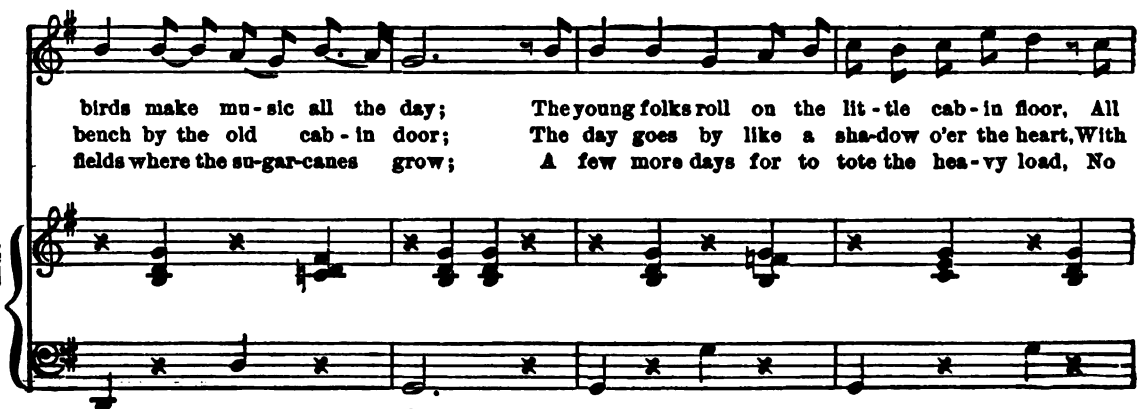
Solo.



1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-les are
 2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
 3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er the dark - y may



gay; The corn - tops ripe and the mead - ows in the bloom, While the
 shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
 go; A few more days and the trou - ble all will end, In the



birds make mu-sic all the day; Theyoung folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All
 bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With
 fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the hea-vy load, No

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MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.



mer-ry, all hap-py and bright, By'n-by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door, Then my
 sor-row where all was de-light, The time has come when the dark-les have to part, Then my
 mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A few more days will we tot-ter on the road, Then my

CHORUS.



old Kentuck-y home, good-night. Weep no more, my la-dy, Oh, weep no more to-day; We will



sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home far a-way.

JUANITA.

Andante.

mf SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light beam ing

mf TENOR AND BASS.

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh,

p slower. *a te mf*

Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!

p *mf*

p tenderly, rit.

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

p

By permission.

(28)

THE QUILTING PARTY.

Arranged by Karl P. Harrington.

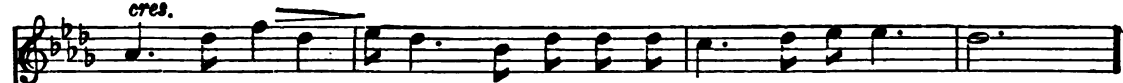
p Andante.



1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered, On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, Rest-ed light as o - cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trembled, Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawning, And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas



cres.



from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home.



CHORUS. *mf*



I was see - ing Nel - lie home, . . I was see - ing Nel - lie home; And 'twas



from Aunt Di - nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see - ing Nel - lie home.



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(20)

UPIDEE.

1. The shades of night were fall-ing fast, Tra la la, Tra la la, As thro' an Al - pine vil-lage passed,
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra la la, Tra la la, Flash'd like a faulchion from its sheath,
 3. "O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Tra la la, Tra la la, Thy wea - ry head up - on this breast!"

ritard.

Tra la la la la!
 Tra la la la la!
 Tra la la la la!

A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice, A ban-ner with the strange de-vice:
 And like a sil-ver clar-ion, rung The ac-cents of that unknown tongue:
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh:

CHORUS.

U - pi-dee - i, dee - i, da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da, U - pi-dee - i, dee - i - da,

f

[illegible]

UPIDEE.

U - pi-dee-i, dee-i-da, U - pi-dee, U - pi-da! U - pi-dee-i, dee-i-da, U - pi-dee-i - da!

4 At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air.

5 A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device.

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Music by Johanna Kinkie.

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing, Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That

1ST AND 2D BASS.

then what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -

Tranquillo e molto espress.

well, fare - well, my own true love; Fare - well, fare - well, my own true love.

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE.

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a maid-en fair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
 3. Oh, I came to a river, an' I couldn't get a-cross, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-

SOLO. CHORUS.

doo-dle all the day; My Sal-ly am a spun-ky girl, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
 doo-dle all the day; With cur-ly eyes and laugh-ing hair, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-
 doo-dle all the day; An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was a hoss, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-

CHORUS.

doo-dle all the day. } Fare thee well, fare thee well, Fare thee
 doo-dle all the day. } Fare-well, fare-well, Fare thee
 doo-dle all the day. }

well, my fair-y fay, For I'm going to Loui-si-a-na, For to

see my Su-sy-an-na, Sing Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle all the day.

4 Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
 A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

5 Oh, I went to bed, but it wasn't no use,
 My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

6 Behind de barn, down on my knees,
 I thought I heard that chicken sneeze

7 He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
 He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.
 And so on, *ad infn.*

THE BULL-DOG.

Moderato.
SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank! Oh! the

Solo. 2D BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

CHORUS. *Piu Allegro.*

bull-dog on the bank: Oh! the bull-dog on the

ritard. allacca il cho.

And the bull-frog in the pool;

bank, And the bull-frog in the pool. The bull-dog call'd the bull-frog A green old wa-ter fool.

CHOR

Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . . Sing-ing tra, la, la, la, la, la, . . Singing

Repeat pp.

tra, la, la, Sing-ing tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la, la.

tra, la, la.

- 2 Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a laughing
To see him wag his jaw.—CHO.
- 3 Says the monkey to the owl,
“Oh, what'll you have to drink?”

- “Since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink.”—CHO.
- 4 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank;
Little Moses in the pool;
She fished him out with a ten-foot pole
And sent him off to school.—CHO.

OVER THE BANISTER.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
 2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full of
 3. Holds her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing

CHORUS. TENORS.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BASSES.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

gull - - ing, While be - low her with ten - der grace, He
 mean - - ing, Gaze on the lov - li - est face in town,
 bold - - er, Till her love - ly hair lets its mass - es down Like a

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light burns dim in the
 O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired, with
 man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked, a

la, la, la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, . . . la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

OVER THE BANISTER.

half be - low, No - bod - y sees them stand - ing,
 down - cast eyes, I won - der why she lin - - gers,
 swift ca - res, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la.

Say - ing good-night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
 Af - ter all the good-nights are said? Some - bod - y holds her fin - gers!
 o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE.

TENORS.
Dolce. p

1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
 2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steep, Sunk, sink in

BASSES.

gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
 sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

p *rall. p*

SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . . O - ver the roll - ing his
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . . Fa - - - ther will come to his

O - ver the roll - ing
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow,
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.

By permission.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson.

Old English Air.

mp

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine, . . .
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so much hon - 'ring thee, . . .

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup, and I'll not ask for wine; . . . The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be; But

thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink di - vine, . . .
thou there-on did'st on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me, . . .

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine. . . .
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of it - self, but thee. . . .

DANUBE RIVER.

H. Aldé.

Tempo di Mazurka.

1. Do you re-call that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er, We
 2. Our boat kept meas-ure with its oar, The mu-sic rose in snatches, From

lis-tened to a Länd-ler tune, We watched the moon-beams quiv-er? I
 peas-ants danc-ing on the shore, With bois-terous songs and catch-es; I

A little slower.

oft since then have watched the moon, But nev-er, love, oh, nev-er,
 know not why that Länd-ler rang Thro' all my soul, but nev-er,

a tempo.

nev-er, Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube
 nev-er, Can I for-get the song they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube

DANUBE RIVER.

riv-er! Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er!
 riv-er! Can I for-get the songs they sang, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er!

Con espress.

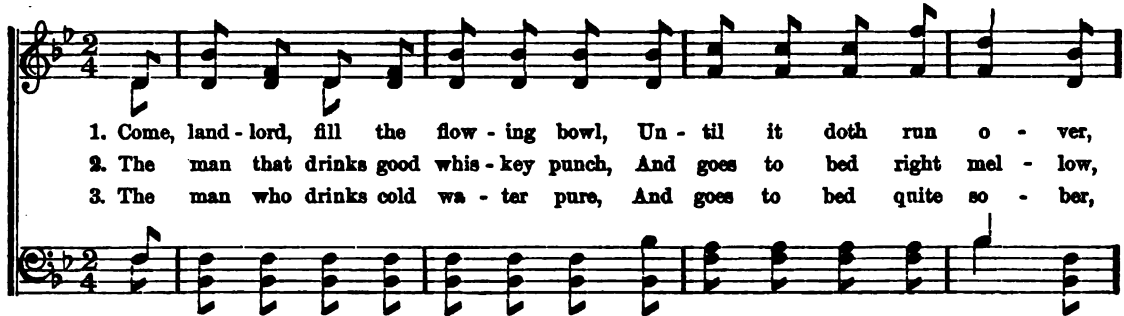
CHORUS.

Can I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er! Can

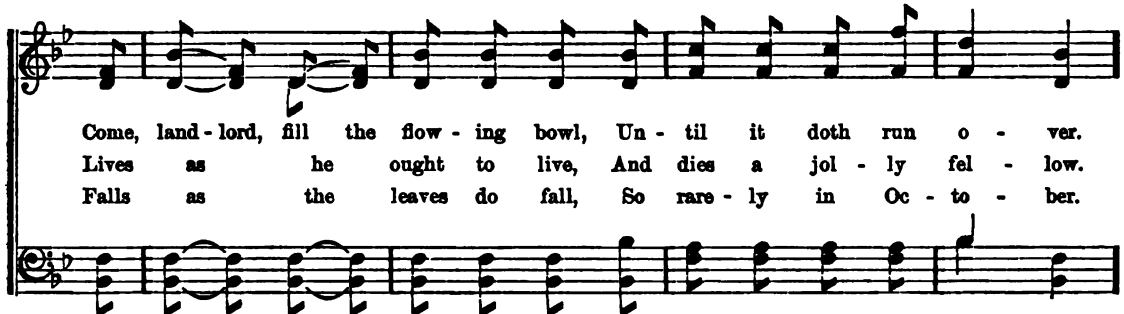
ben marcato.

I for-get that night in June, Up-on the Dan-ube riv-er!

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.



1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
 2. The man that drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
 3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,



Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver.
 Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
 Falls as the leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.

CHORUS.



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,



For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry by, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
 And getteth "half seas over,"
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 And then lie down in clover.

5 A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
 And goes and tells her mother,
 Does a very foolish thing,
 And don't deserve another.

DRINKING SONG.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Thomas.

TENORS.

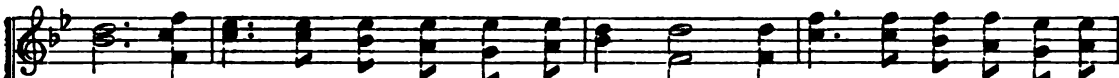


1. My com - rades, when I'm no more drink - ing, But sick with gout or pal - sy
2. And when me to my grave you're bring - ing, Then fol - low aft - er, man by

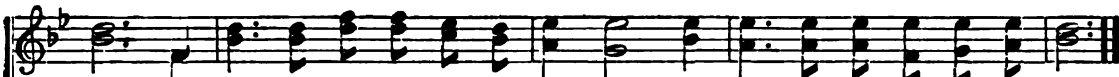
BASSES.



lie, Ex - haust - ed on my sick-bed sink - ing, Be - lieve me, then my end is
man; Let no sad fun - 'ral bells be ring - ing, But tink - ling glass - es be - our



nigh. But die I this day or to - mor - row, My tes - ta - ment's al - read - y
plan. And on my tomb - stone be in - scribed, "This man was born, lived, drank, and



made; My bur - ial from your hands I'll bor - row, But with - out splen - dor or pa - rade.
died; And now he lies here who im - bib - ed In all life's joy the pur - ple - tide."



8 Should any ask you why I quitted,
So soon have handed in my checks;
Just tell them simply that I fittid,—
Their honest souls I would not vex!
Of course you know the real reason,—
A rule or two I had defied!
If my demise is out of season,
Just tell 'em—well—I—up and died!

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(41)

CHING-A-LING.

Whistle.

BARITONE SOLO.

1. We rev - el in song, in Spain we be - long,
 2. We charm and en - trance all men in the dance,

CHORUS. TENORS.

mf La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

BASSES.

La, la, la, la,

Far o'er the o - cean; when Lu - ci - fer's star Shines clear in the East we re -
 Come they from near us or come they from far; We dance and we glide, while

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la,

turn from the feast, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!
 loud far and wide, Sounds the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Ha! ha!

la, la, la, la, la, la, Ha! ha!

By permission.

(42)

CHING-A-LING.

Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we

Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling, Ha, ha, ha, ha, These were the words which we

heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

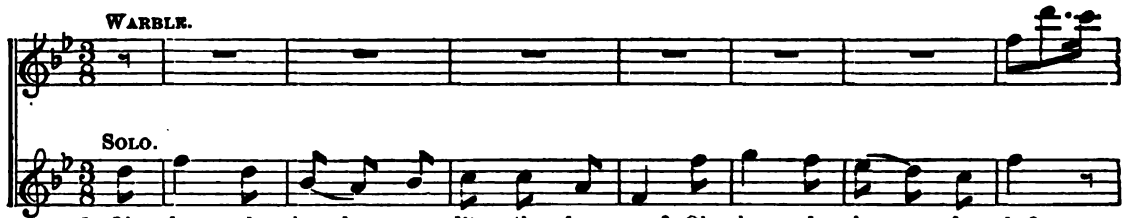
heard from a - far. Ching - a - ling - a - ling, ching - a - ling - a - ling,

Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

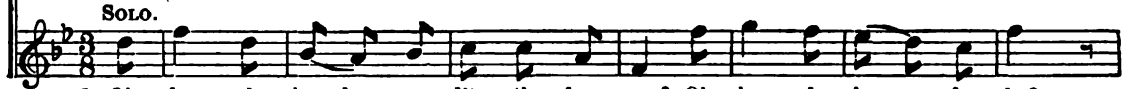
Ha, ha, ha, ha, To the tune of our light gui - tar. Ha! ha!

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?

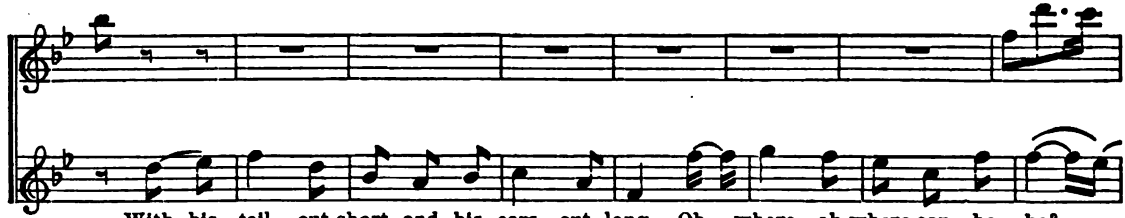
WARBLE.



SOLO.



1. Oh, where, oh, where has my lit - tle dog gone? Oh, where, oh, where can he be?
2. My little dog al - ways wag - gles his tail, When - ever he wants his grog;



With his tail cut short and his ears cut long, Oh, where, oh, where can he be? . .
And if the tail were more strong than he, Why the tail would wag - gle the dog. . .



CHORUS.
TENORS.



(Legato with syllables like those used by the warbler.)

BASSES.



WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE?



INTEGER VITÆ.

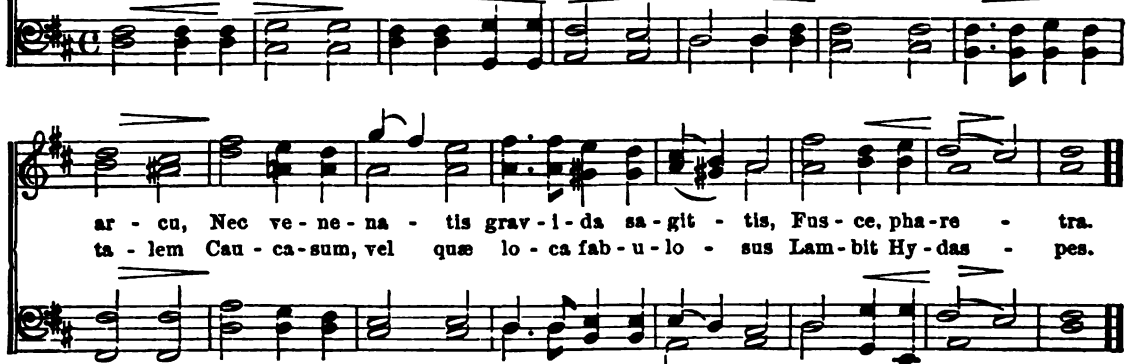
LIB. I., ODE XXII. Horatii Flacci.

TENORS.



1. In - te - ger vi - tæ scel - e - ris - que pu - rus Non - e - get Mau - ris jac - u - lis, nec
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter æs - tu - o - sas, Si - ve fac - tu - rus per in - hos - pi -

BASSES.



ar - cu, Nec ve - ne - na - tis grav - i - da sa - git - tis, Fus - ce, pha - re - tra.
ta - lem Cau - ca - sum, vel quæ lo - ca fab - u - lo - sus Lam - bit Hy - das - pes.

3 Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem:

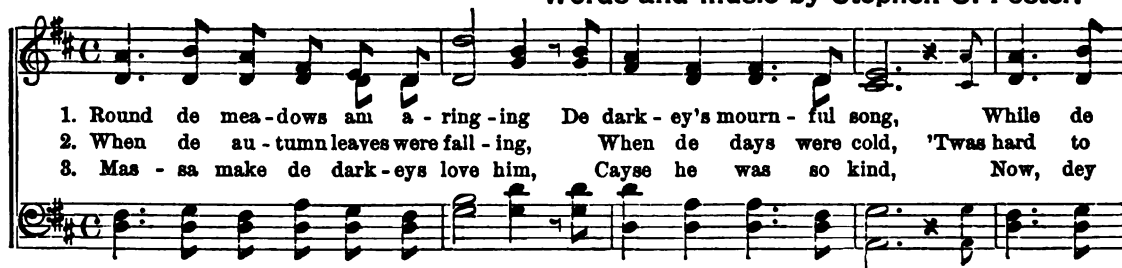
4 Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit sæculetis,
Nec Jubaæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5 Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Jupiter urget;

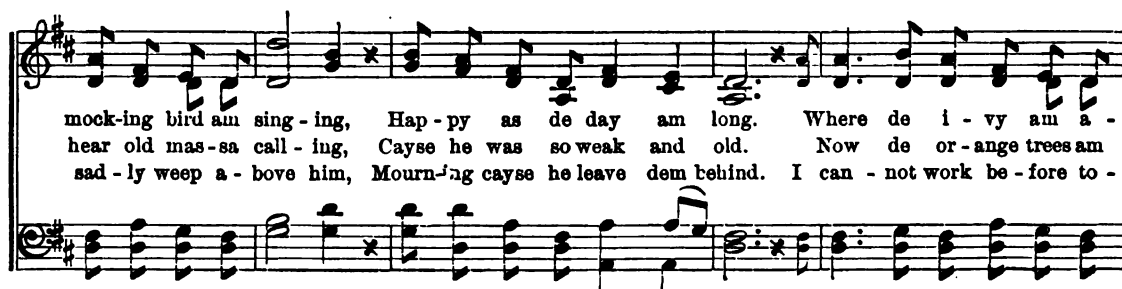
6 Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis, in terra domibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

MASSA'S IN DE COLD GROUND.

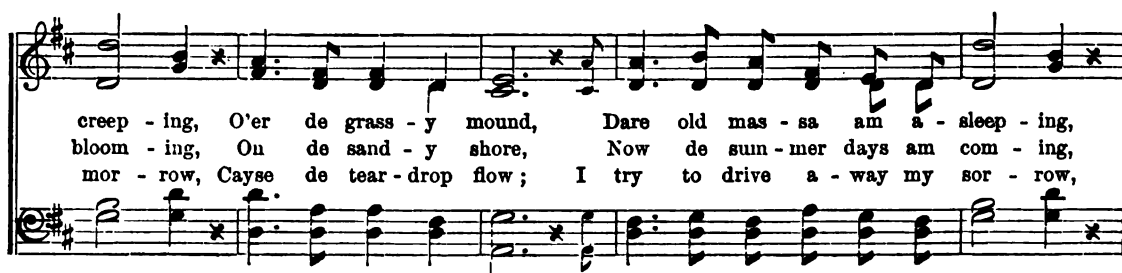
Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.



1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, While de
 2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to
 3. Mas - sa make de dark - eys love him, Cayse he was so kind, Now, dey

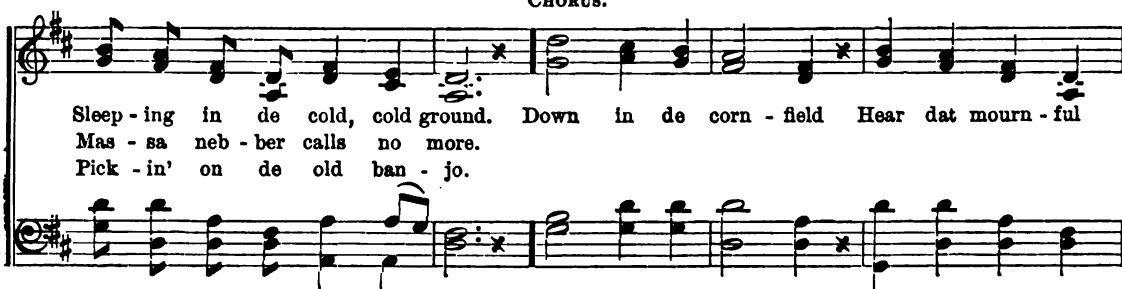


mock - ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a -
 hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old. Now de or - ange trees am
 sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn - ing cayse he leave dem behind. I can - not work be - fore to -



creep - ing, O'er de grass - y mound, Dare old mas - sa am a - sleep - ing,
 bloom - ing, On de sand - y shore, Now de suun - mer days am com - ing,
 mor - row, Cayse de tear - drop flow; I try to drive a - way my sor - row,

CHORUS.



Sleep - ing in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Hear dat mourn - ful
 Mas - sa neb - ber calls no more.
 Pick - in' on de old ban - jo.

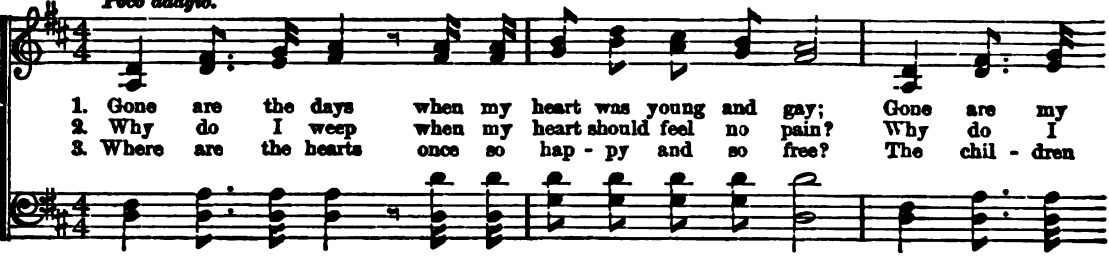


sound; All de dark - eys am a - weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.


OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and music by Stephen C. Foster.

Poco adagio.



1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren

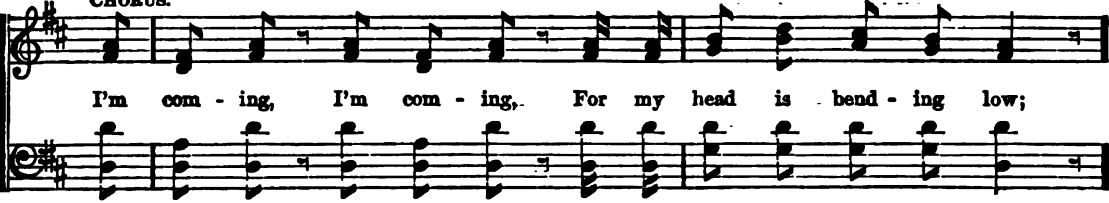


friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
 sigh that my friends come not a - gain. Griev - ing for forms now de -
 dear, that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my



bet - ter land, I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
 part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
 soul has long'd to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS.



I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;



I hear those gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

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BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

Arranged by James Kendrick.

mf SOLO.

1. A cap-i-tal ship for an o - cean trip Was the Wal-lop-ing Win - dow Blind ! No
 2. The bo'-swain's mate was ver-y se - date, Yet fond of a - muse - ment too ; He
 3. The cap - tain sat on the Com-mo-dore's hat, And dined in a roy - al way, Off

mf

wind that blew dis - mayed her crew, Or trou-bled the Cap - tain's mind ; The
 played hop-scotch with the star - board watch, While the cap - tain, he tick-led the crew ! And the
 toast - ed pigs and pic-kles and figs And gun-ner - y bread each day. And the

man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est blow - ow - ow, Tho' it
 gun-ner we had was ap - parent - ly mad, For he sat on the af - ter rai - ai - all, And
 cook was Dutch, and be - haved as such, For the di - et he gave the crew - ew - ew, Was a

oft - ten ap - peared, when the gale had cleared, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.
 fired sa - lutes with the cap - tain's boots, In the teeth of the boom - ing gale !
 num-ber of tons of hot cross - buns Served up with sug - ar and glue.

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BLOW, YE WINDS, HEIGH-HO!

CHORUS.
TENORS.

(Mel. in 2d Tenor.)
Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho! A - ro - ing I will go! I'll stay no more on
BASSES.

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu - sic play - ay - ay! I'm off for the morn-ing train! I'll
ril. a tempo.

cross the rag - ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a - way!
ril. a tempo.

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to sea-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Vivace.

1. When we first came on this cam - pus, Fresh - men we as green as grass;
 2. We have fought the fight to - geth - er, We have strug - gled side by side;
 3. Some will go to Greece or Tur - key, Some to Hal - i - fax or Rome;
 4. When we come a - gain to - geth - er, Vig - in - ten - ni - al to pass,

Now as grave and rev - er - end Sen - iors, Smile we o - ver the ver - dant pass.
 Bro - ken is the bond that held us— We must cut our sticks and slide.
 Some to Green - land's i - cy mount - ains— More, per - haps, will stay at home.
 Wives and chil - dren all in - clud - ed,—Won't we be an up - roar - ious class?

CHORUS.

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chik - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

TOM-BIG-BEE RIVER.

Words by S. S. Steele.

1. On Tom-big-bee riv-er so bright I was born, In a hut made ob husks ob de
2. All de day in de field de soft cot-ton I hoe, I tink of my Ju-la an'

tall yal-ler corn, And dar I fust meet wid my Ju-la so true, An I row'd her a-sing as I go; Oh, I catch her a bird, wid a wing ob true blue, An at night sail her

CHORUS.
bout In my Gum Tree Ca-noe. Singing row a-way, row, O'er de wa-ters so blue, Like a
round In my Gum Tree Ca-noe.

feather we'll float, In my Gum Tree Canoe.

3 Wid my hands on de banjo and toe on de oar,
I sing to de sound ob de river's soft roar;
While de stars dey look down at my Julia so true,
An' dance in her eye in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

4 One night de stream bore us so far away,
Dat we couldn't cum back, so we thought we'd jis stay;
Oh, we spied a tall ship wid a flag ob true blue,
An it took us in tow wid my Gum Tree Canoe.
Singing row away, etc.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Words by F. N. Scott.

TENORS. (*Solemnly.*)



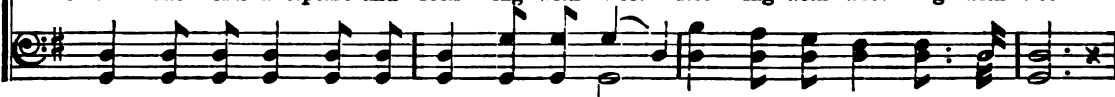
Melody in 2d Tenor.

1. Hark to the sto - ry of poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o! Poor Ro - me - o!

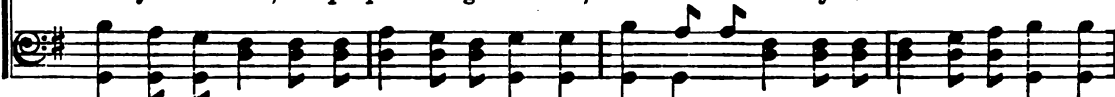
BASSES.



Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reek - ing with woe! Reek - ing with woe! 'king with woe!



If you have tears, now pre - pare to get at one; Ne'er was a sto - ry so mournful as that one.



Jul - iet's the slim one and Ro - meo's the fat one, Poor Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!



Solemnly.



ROMEO.

2. I am the he - ro of this lit - tle tale, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ro - me - o!

JULIET. (*Singing an octave below Romeo.*)

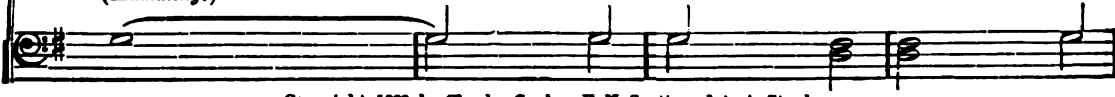
3. I am the he - roine of this tale of woe, I'm Ju - li - et, I'm Ju - li - et!

ROMEO AND JULIET.

4. This of our tale is the short and the long, I'm Ro - me - o! I'm Ju - li - et!



(*Humming.*)



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ROMEO AND JULIET.

I am that high - ly sus - cep - ti - ble male, I'm Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
 I am the darl - ing that mashed Ro - me - o, I'm Ju - li - et, Ju - li - et!
 Here is the mor - al that goes with the song, I'm Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et!


Scarce did a lov - er e'er do as I did When his girl in - to e - ter - ni - ty alid - ed;
 Locked in a tomb with no pick axe to force it, Gloom - y old hole without room to stand or sit,
 Lov - ers, we warn you of dag - gers be wa - ry, Don't buy your drink of an a - poth - e - ca - ry,

I took cold poi - son and I sui - ci - ded, I'm Ro - me - o! Ro - me - o!
 I up and stabb'd my - self right in the corset, I'm Ju - li - et, Ju - li - et!
 Don't stab your - selves in the left pul - mo - nary, I'm Ro - me - o, Ju - li - et!


ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP




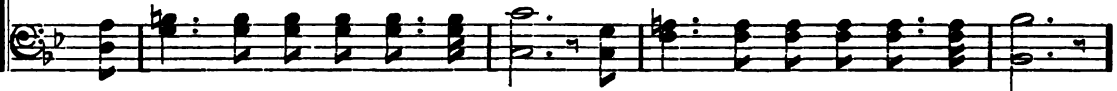
1. Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds sweep o'er the brine,




Se - cure I rest up - on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
Or though the tem-pest's fier - y breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.



I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall!
In o - cean's wave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty;



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep,



And calm and peace-ful is my sleep,..... Rock'd in the cra - dle of the deep.



GAUDEAMUS.

CHORUS.
TENORS.

1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

BASSES.

QUARTET.

Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;

CHORUS.

Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,

Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus.

2 Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Ab eas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3 Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapiit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4 Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quolibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5 Vivant omnes virgines
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ

6 Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7 Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osiores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antibursachus,
Atque irrisores.

8 Quis confusus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9 Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

QUARTET.
TENORS.

Let mel-o-dy flow, Wher

1. We meet a-gain to-night, boys, with mirth and song;

Let mel-o-dy flow,

2. Where hand to hand its greet-ing so kind-ly gives,

Let mel-o-dy flow,

BASSES.

ev-er we go,

Wher-ev-er we go, We dwell in friendship, ev - er so true and strong, And
Wher-ev-er we go, Where hope is nev - er dy - ing, and friendship lives, True

CHORUS.

sor - row nev - er know. We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and
hearts will ev - er know.

We'll laugh and sing, . . . and

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(56)

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

mer - ry be, to - night, my boys, We'll laugh and sing, and mer - ry be, and mer - ry be, to -

mer - ry be, to - night, . . With never a sor - row near, boys, never a fall - ing

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is the vocal melody, and the bottom staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

night; We'll laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to - night, my boys, And mer - ry be, and

tear; We'll laugh . and sing, . . and mer-ry be, to - night, . With never a sor-row

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines.

mer - ry be, and mer - ry be. Wel-come the time, my boys, we meet a - gain.

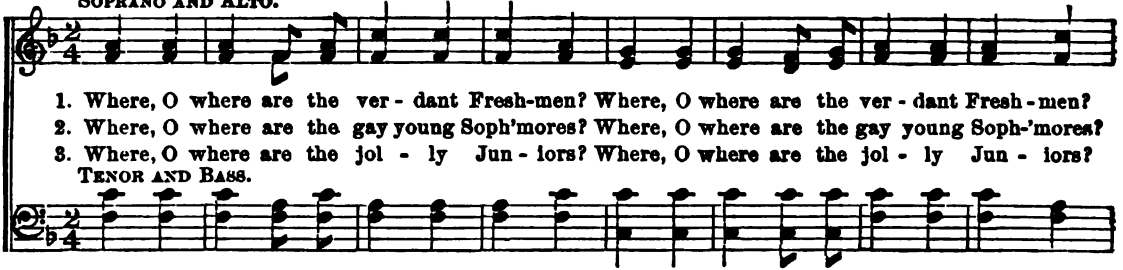
near, boys, mer - ry be. Wel-come the time, my boys, we meet a gain.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics, and the piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. The notation includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *rit.* (ritardando).

WHERE, O WHERE.

Spirited.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

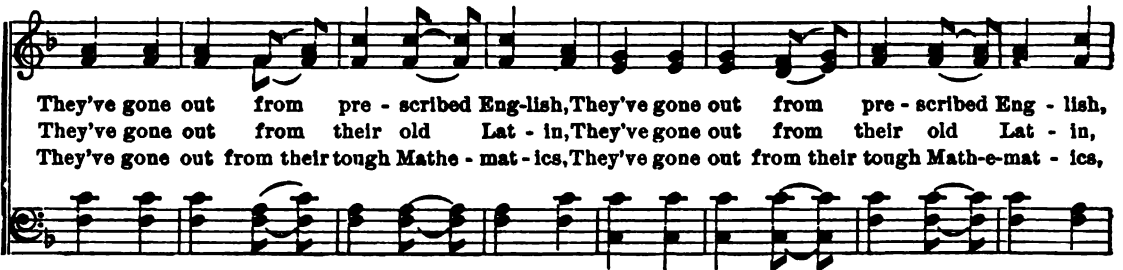


1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men?
 2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
 3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors?

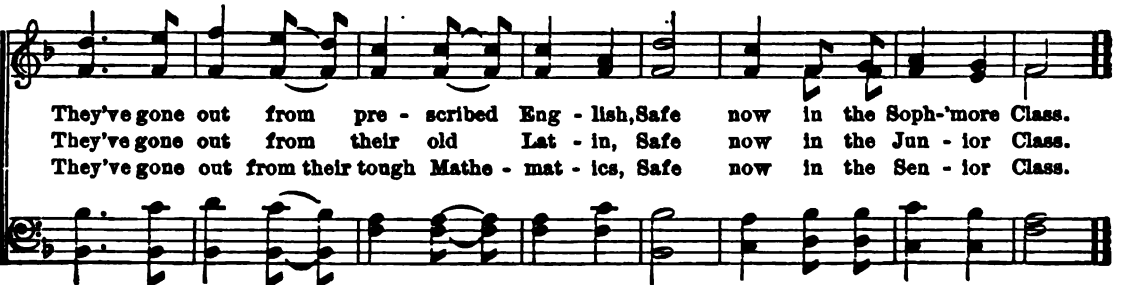
TENOR AND BASS.



Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Safe now in the Soph'-more Class.
 Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.



They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish,
 They've gone out from their old Lat - in, They've gone out from their old Lat - in,
 They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, They've gone out from their tough Math-e-mat - ics,



They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, Safe now in the Soph'-more Class.
 They've gone out from their old Lat - in, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
 They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

4 : : Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :
 Safe now in the wide, wide world.

: : They've gone out from their Alma Mater, :
 Safe now in the wide, wide world.

5 : : Where, O where are the staid Alumni? :
 Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.

: : They've gone out from their dreams and theories, :
 Atoms lost in the wide, wide world

JOLLY BOATING WEATHER.

Words by Arthur Thomas.

Arranged.

QUARTET.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

mf

1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er, . Jol - ly sweet har - vest breeze,—

TENOR AND BASS.

Oars dip and "feath - er,"— cool 'neath the trees. .

CHORUS.

f Swing, swing to - geth - er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees,—

f Swing, swing to - geth - er,— With your bod - y be - tween your knees. .

2 Others will take our places,
 'Rahing our dear old yell;
 Others will row the races,
 Ring the old college bell.
 Yet ever will beam in our faces
 Our pride in the old-time crew;
 'Bah for our hard-won races,
 One more for the dear old crew!

3 Flitting by the rushes,
 Tangled in snaky weeds,
 Brushed by elder bushes,
 Swerved by brake and reeds.
 Will tears fill our eyes in the future
 When we think of the dear old stream?
 Will our hearts beat as light in the future
 When afloat on life's broader stream?

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THE FESTAL DAY IS COME.

FRA DIAVOLO.

Arranged by R. W. Atkinson.

Allegro.

TENORS. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)

1. The fes - tal day is come, . . And bright - ly gleams the morn - ing, The
2. Come join the mirth and song, . . With strong hearts glad - ly beat - ing, Sip

BASSES.

sun peeps forth a - fresh, . . Our fes - tal day a - dorn - ing, Hur -
pleas - ure while we may, . . For earth - ly joys are fleet - ing, Hur -

Hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah!

rah! . . hur - rah! . . The fes - tal day is come, Hur - rah! . . hur -

Hur - rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah!

rah! . . The fes - tal day is come, Up - see, up - see, tra la la la,
hur - rah!

Up - see, up - see, tra la la la, Up - see, up - see, tra la la la, The

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(60)

THE FESTAL DAY IS COME.

p

fes - tal day is come. . . I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the

cres. *f*

b - b - b - b - b - b - boots, Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the rob - ber,

cres.

Fra Di -

p a tempo.

I hear the boots, the boots, the boots, the

molto rit. *p a tempo.*

a - vo - lo, the rob - ber,

cres. *f*

b - b - b - b - b - b boots, . . . Fra Di - a - vo - lo, the

cres. *f*

f

rob - ber, Com - ing . . . down the stairs. . . .

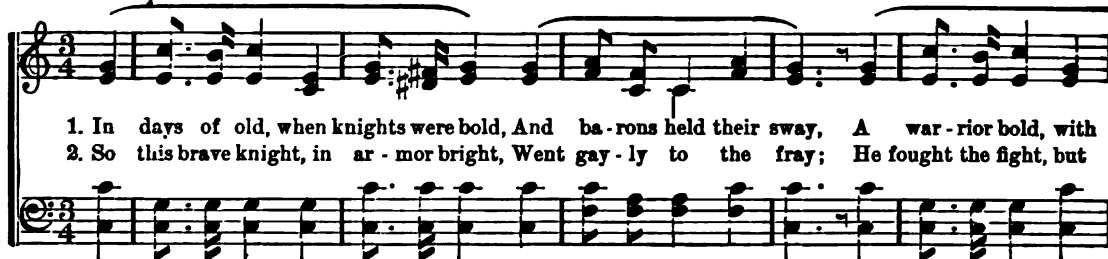
f

A WARRIOR BOLD.

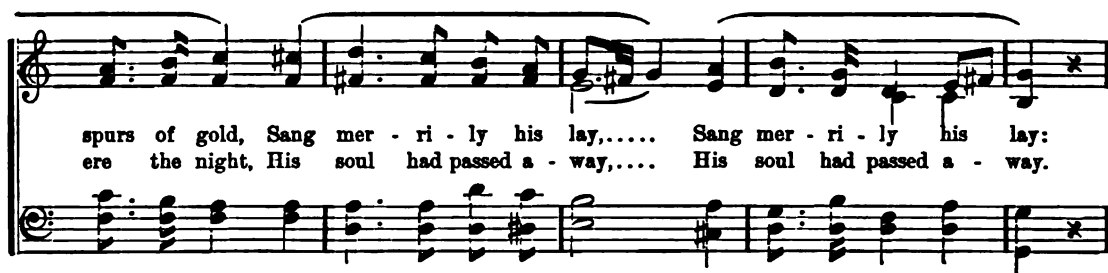
Words by Edw. Thomas.

Music by Stephen Adams.

Con spirito.



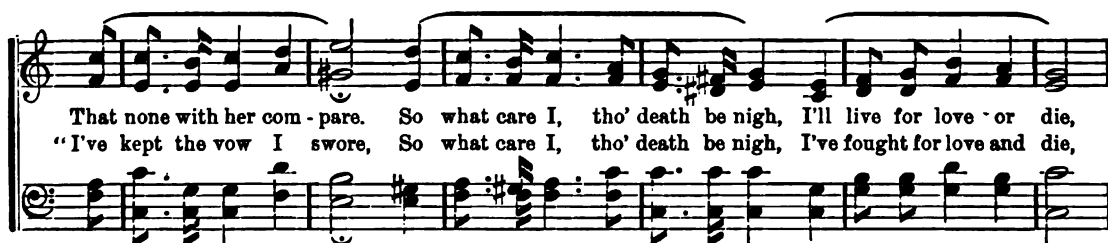
1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And ba-rons held their sway, A war-rior bold, with
 2. So this brave knight, in ar-mor bright, Went gay-ly to the fray; He fought the fight, but



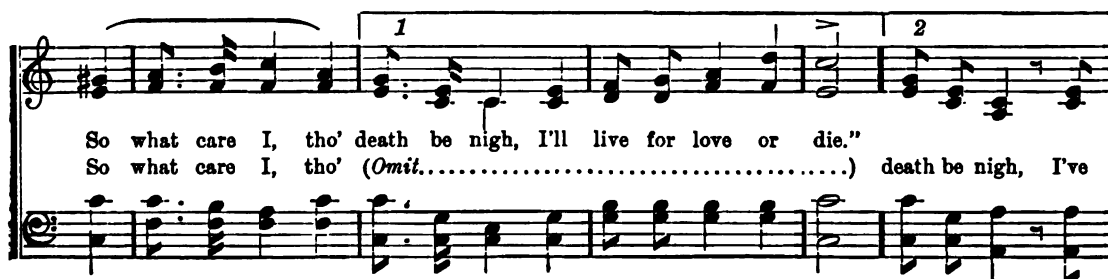
spurs of gold, Sang mer-ri-ly his lay,..... Sang mer-ri-ly his lay:
 ere the night, His soul had passed a-way,.... His soul had passed a-way.



"My love is young and fair, My love hath gold-en hair, And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
 The plighted ring he wore Was crushed, and wet with gore, Yet ere he died, he brave-ly cried,



That none with her com-pare. So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love-or die,
 "I've kept the vow I swore, So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love and die,



So what care I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die."
 So what care I, tho' (Omit.....) death be nigh, I've

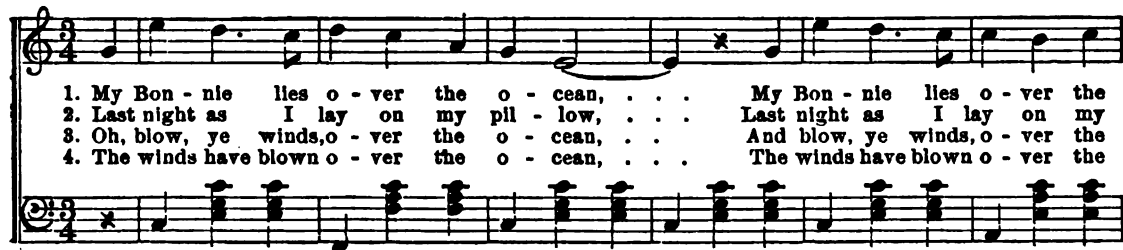
A WARRIOR BOLD.

ad lib. molto. rallentando e dim.

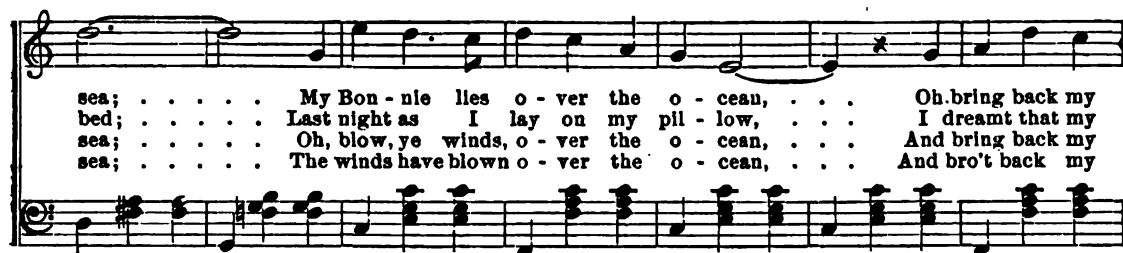


fought for love, I've fought for love... I've fought for love. For love... for love I die."

MY BONNIE.

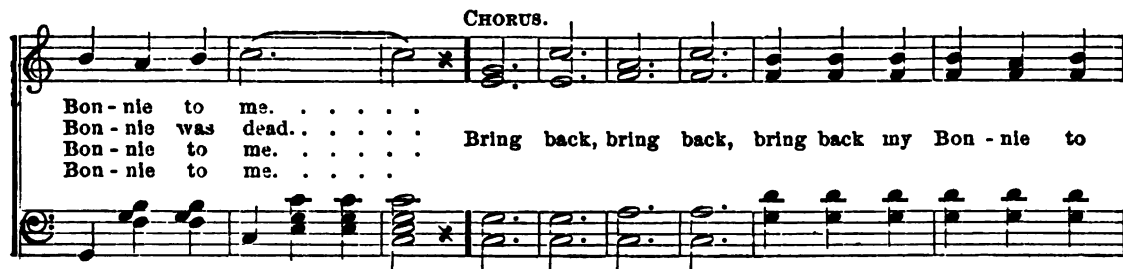


1. My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . My Bon - nie lies o - ver the
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . Last night as I lay on my
 3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And blow, ye winds, o - ver the
 4. The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . The winds have blown o - ver the

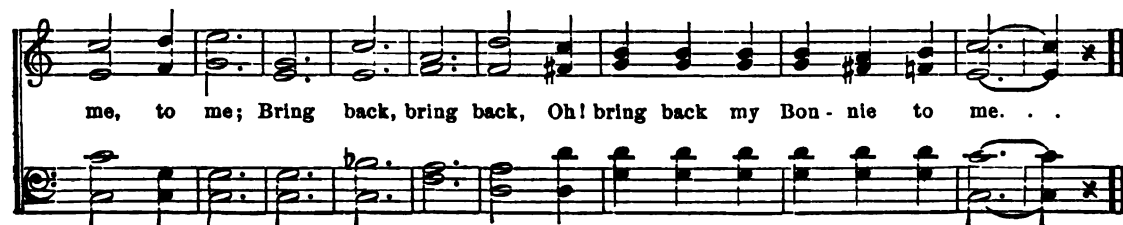


sea; My Bon - nie lies o - ver the o - cean, . . . Oh, bring back my
 bed; Last night as I lay on my pil - low, . . . I dreamt that my
 sea; Oh, blow, ye winds, o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bring back my
 sea; The winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, . . . And bro't back my

CHORUS.



Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie was dead. Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to
 Bon - nie to me.
 Bon - nie to me.



me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. . .

FORSAKEN.

English version by Mrs. G. Federlein.

Koschat.

TENORS.

pp *Slow.*

1. My love hath now left me, a - lone do I sigh, As a stone by the
 2. Sweet flow - ers are bloom - ing all o - ver her grave, But the life of my

BASSES.

mf

pp

way - side neg - lect - ed doth lie; . I go to the grave - yard, for
 darl - ing my love could not save; . All hope is now bur - led, 'tis

there she doth sleep, My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I
 dark ev - 'ry - where, A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would

ff *p*

ff *p*

weep; My heart it is bro - ken, in sor - row I weep.
 share; A - lone in my sor - row, her rest I would share.

ff *p*

ff *p*

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(64)

LAST NIGHT.

Words of 3d verse by Arthur Nash.

Halfdan Kjerulf.

Solo. *Andante.*

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last night when all was still, It
 2. I think of you in the day-time, I dream of you by night; I
 3. Near you the moments are gold-en, With hope you fill my heart; When

CHORUS HUMMING.

sang in the gold-en moon-light, From out . . the wood-land hill. I
 wake and would you were here, love, And tears . are blinding my sight. I
 ab-sent all life seems dark, love, All joys . . all pleas-ures de-part. The

dolce.
 o-pened my win-dow so gen-tly, I looked on the dream-ing dew, . . And
 hear a low breath in the lime tree, The wind is float-ing through, And
 zeph-yrs that waft you to dream-land, Each ray from the heav'n-ly blue, . . The

oh! the bird, my darl-ing, Was sing-ing, sing-ing of you, of you.
 oh! the night, my darl-ing, Was sigh-ing, sigh-ing for you, for you.
 winds, the stars, my darl-ing, are tell-ing, Tell-ing my love for you!

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 (65).

SAILING.

Music by Godfrey Marks.

Con spirito.

1. Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is on our
 2. The sail - or's life is bold and free, His home is on the roll - ing
 8. The tide is flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set ev - 'ry

cres.

lee; And soon a - cross the o - cean clear Our gal - lant bark shall
 sea; And nev - er heart more true or brave Than his who launch - es
 sail; The har - bor bar.. we soon shall clear; Fare - well, once more, to

brave - ly steer, But ere we part from England's shores to - night, A song we'll
 on... the wave, A - far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With jo - cund
 home so dear, For when the tem - pest rag - es loud and long, That home shall

CHORUS.

sing for home and beau - ty bright.
 song he rides the sparkling foam.
 be.. our guid - ing star and song. } Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who

ad lib.

will think of him up - on the wa - ters blue! Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding main;

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 (66)

SAILING.

For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain!.. Sail - ing, sail - ing,

ad lib.

o - ver the bounding main; For ma-ny a storm-y wind shall blow, ere Jack comes home a - gain.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.

1. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' thro' the rye, If a bod-y
2. If a bod-y meet a bod-y, Com-in' frae the town, If a bod-y
3. Among the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my-sel'; But what's his name, or

CHORUS.

kiss a bod-y, Need a bod-y cry?
greet a bod-y, Need a bod-y frown?
where's his hame, I din-na choose to tell. } Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die,

Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.

Arranged.

1ST TENOR.
MELODY IN 2D TENOR.

2D TENOR.

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.

1. The man who has plen - ty of good pea - nuts, And giv - eth his neigh-bor

none, He shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts when his pea - nuts are gone; When

his pea - nuts are gone, . . . When his pea - nuts are gone; . . . He

rall. *ff*

shan't have a - ny of my pea - nuts, When his pea - nuts are gone. .

CHORUS.
Presto.

Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful,

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THE MAN WHO HAS PLENTY OF GOOD PEANUTS.



The man who has plenty of nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake,
When his nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry short cake is gone.

The man who has plenty of St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains,
When his St. Jacob's Oil, for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone.

The man who has plenty of Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations,
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone.

The man who has plenty of John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats,
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em, patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.

The man who has plenty of soft, sweet soda-crackers,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers,
When his soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone.

The man who has plenty of de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

MORAL.

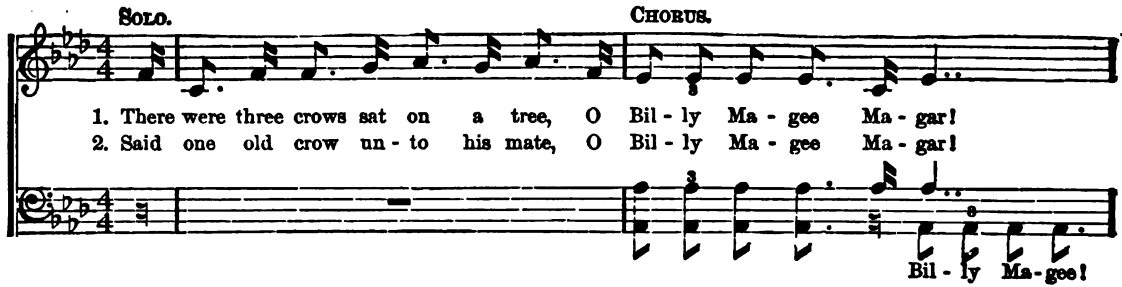
The man who has plenty of good peanuts,
And giveth his neighbor none,
He shan't have any of my nice, rich, ripe, red strawberry shortcake,
When his St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, corns, cramp, colic, chaps, tetter, and chilblains is gone;
When his Pomp's peculiar, patent, perpetual, pocket, panoramic ponies for passing examinations are gone;
When his John Wanamaker's endurable, reversible, sit-on-'em and mash 'em patent restorable, operatic plug hats are gone.
He shan't have any of my soft, sweet, soda crackers,
When his de-monetized, de-moralized, de-generate, unconstitutional, saponaceous silver money is gone.

CHORUS.

Oh! won't that be joyful, joyful, joyful, Oh! won't that be joyful,
When all of his good things are gone

CROW SONG.


SOLO. **CHORUS.**



1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

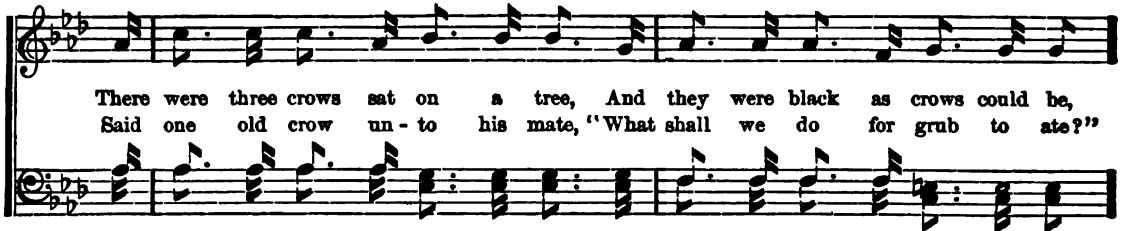
Bil - ly Ma - gee!

SOLO. **CHORUS.**

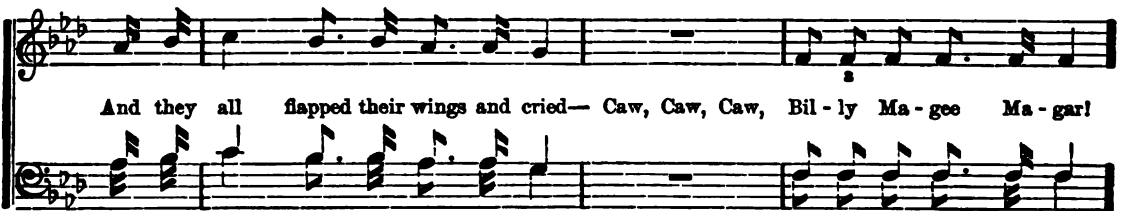


There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

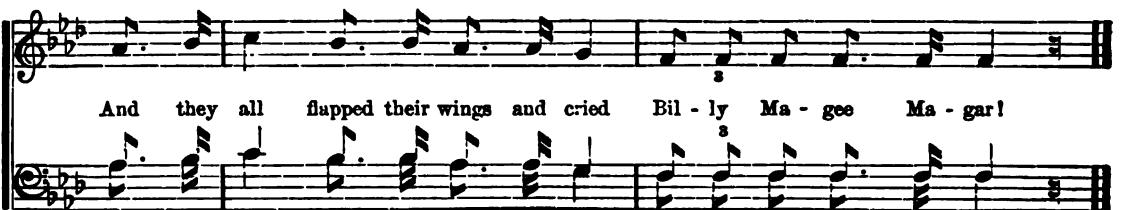
Bil - ly Ma - gee!



There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"



And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!



And they all flapped their wings and cried Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!


3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

• Omit the last measure in this verse.

*4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one."
And they all flapped their wings, etc.


MY LAST CIGAR.

QUARTET.
TENORS.




1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, A glo - rious sum - mer day, . I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea, . E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came Fast draw - ing to the end; . I
4. I've seen the land of all I love Fade in the dis - tance dim, . I've

BASSES.

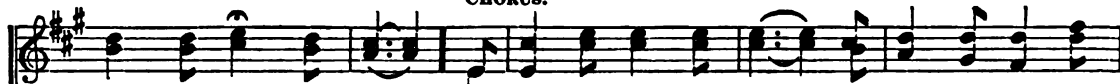


sat up - on the quar - ter deck, And whiffed my cares a - way; And as the vol - umed
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke Was curl - ing grace - ful - ly. Oh, what had I at
watched it as a friend would watch Be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
watched a - bove the blight - ed heart, Where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a




smoke a - rose, Like in - cense in the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
such a time, To do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem - bling tear pro - claimed It
slow - ly on, It van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, It
sor - row That could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles, I

CHORUS.



was my last ci - gar. It was my last ci - gar, . It was my last ci -
was my last ci - gar.
was my last ci - gar.
smoked my last ci - gar.

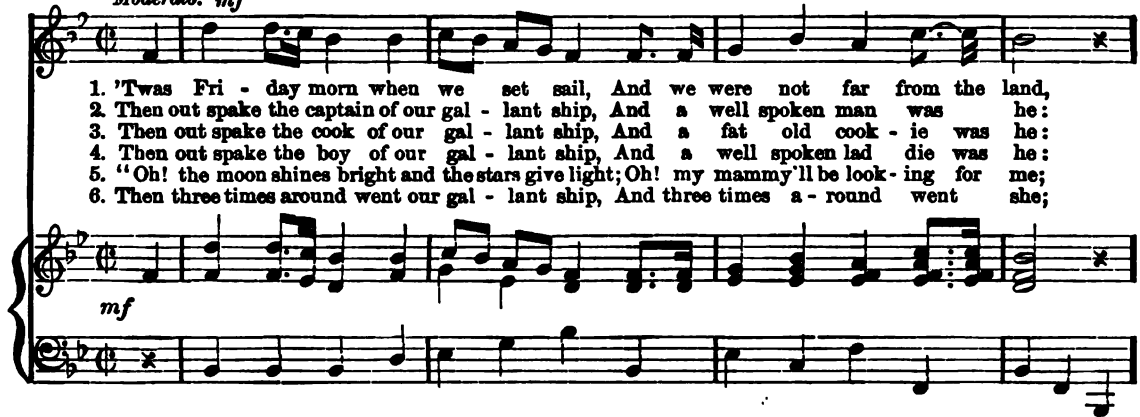


gar; . I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my last ci - gar. .

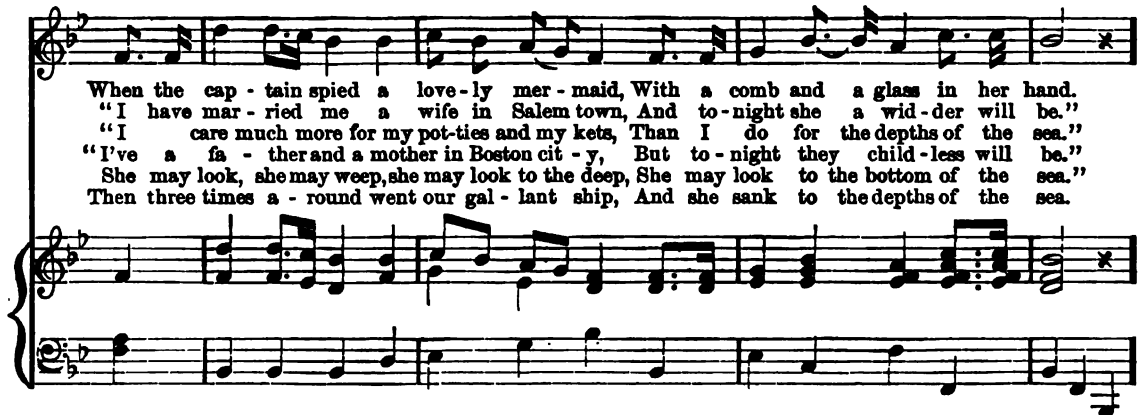
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THE MERMAID.

Moderato. mf



1. 'Twas Fri - day morn when we set sail, And we were not far from the land,
 2. Then out spake the captain of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken man was he:
 3. Then out spake the cook of our gal - lant ship, And a fat old cook - ie was he:
 4. Then out spake the boy of our gal - lant ship, And a well spoken lad die was he:
 5. "Oh! the moon shines bright and the stars give light; Oh! my mammy'll be look - ing for me;
 6. Then three times around went our gal - lant ship, And three times a - round went she;

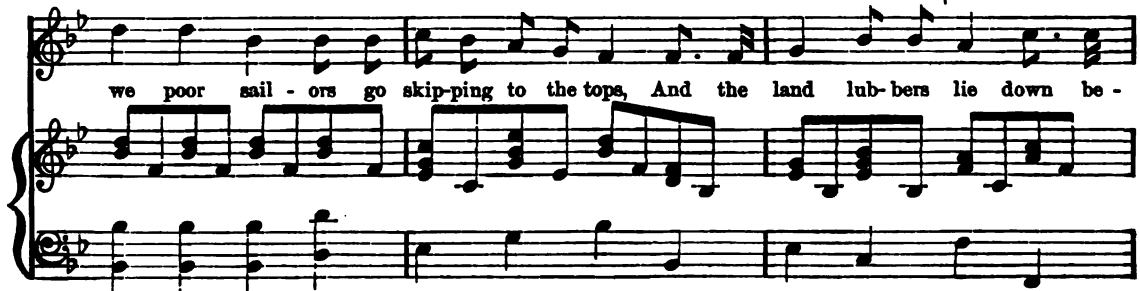


When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.
 "I have mar - ried me a wife in Salem town, And to - night she a wid - der will be."
 "I care much more for my pot - ties and my kets, Than I do for the depths of the sea."
 "I've a fa - ther and a mother in Boston cit - y, But to - night they child - less will be."
 She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep, She may look to the bottom of the sea."
 Then three times a - round went our gal - lant ship, And she sank to the depths of the sea.

CHORUS. f



Oh! the o - cean waves may roll, And the storm - y winds may blow, While



we poor sail - ors go skip - ping to the tops, And the land lub - bers lie down be -

THE MERMAID.

accel.

low, be-low, be-low, And the land lub-bers lie down be-low.

VIVE L'AMOUR.

Allegro molto. ***f*** CHORUS.

1. Let ev-'ry good fel-low now fill up his glass, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,
 2. Let ev-er-y mar-ried man drink to his wife, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,
 3. Come fill up your glass-es, I'll give you a toast, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,
 4. Since all with good hu-mor I've toast-ed so free, Vi-ve la com-pag-nie,

CHORUS.

And drink to the health of our glo-ri-ous class, Vi-ve la com-pag-ni.
 The joy of his bo-som and plague of his life, Vi-ve la com-pag-ni.
 Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor-thy host, Vi-ve la com-pag-ni.
 I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi-ve la com-pag-ni.

Vi-ve la, vi-ve la, vi-ve l'a-mour, Vi-ve la, vi-ve la,

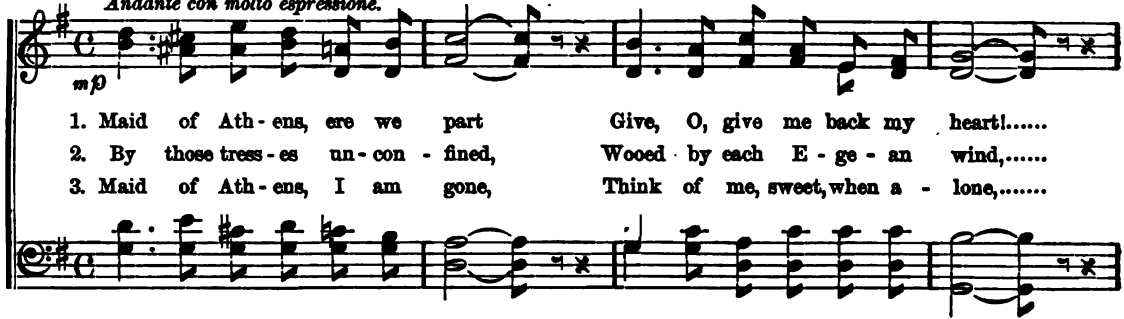
Vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve l'amour, vi-ve la com-pag-nie!

MAID OF ATHENS.

Words by Lord Byron.

Music by H. R. Allen.

Andante con molto espressione.

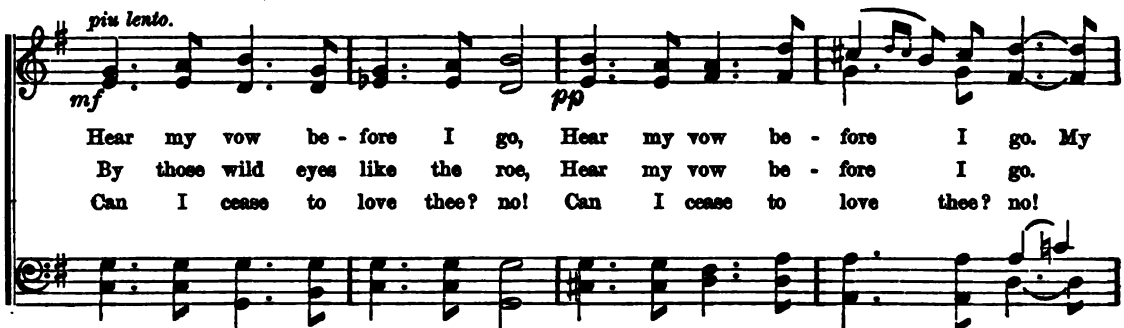


mp

1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part	Give, O, give me back my heart!.....
2. By those tress-es un-con-fined,	Wooded by each E-ge-an wind,.....
3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone,	Think of me, sweet, when a-lone,.....



Or since that has left my breast,	Keep it now and take the rest!.....
By those lids whose jet-ty fringe,	Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge,....
Though I fly to Is-tam-bol,	Ath-ens holds my heart and soul,.....



piu lento.

mf *pp*

Hear my vow be-fore I go,	Hear my vow be-fore I go. My
By those wild eyes like the roe,	Hear my vow be-fore I go.
Can I cease to love thee? no!	Can I cease to love thee? no!



con tenerezza.

p

life,..... I love thee,	My dear-est life, I love thee!
Zo-e mon, sas a-gap-o!	Zo-e mon, sas a-gap-o!

MAID OF ATHENS.

My life,..... I love but thee!
 Zo - e mon, sas a - ga - po!

cres. *dim.* *pp*

1. Hear my vow be - fore I go, } My life, I love..... but thee!
 2. Hear my vow be - fore I go, } Zo - e mon, sas a - - ga - po!
 3. Can I cease to love thee? no!

ANNIE LAURIE.

Lady John Scott.

Tenderly.

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas there that
 2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it
 3. Like dew on th' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa' o' her fai - ry feet, And like winds in

cres.

An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which
 is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on; That e'er the sun shone on, And
 sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's

cres.

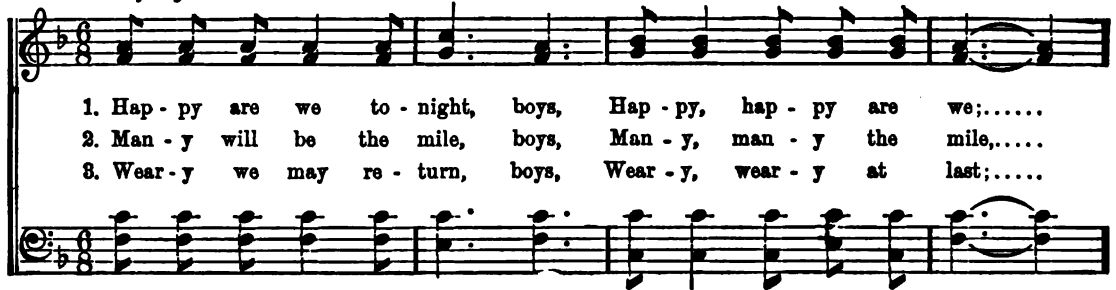
p

ne'er for - got will be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 dark blue is her e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 a' the world to me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

p

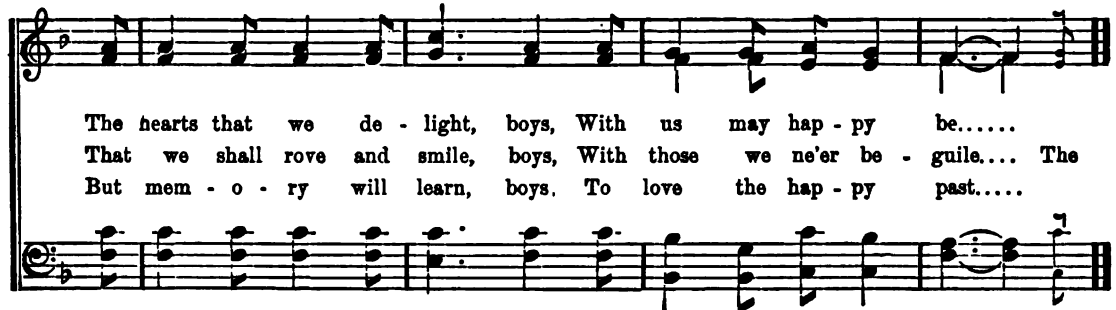
HAPPY ARE WE TO-NIGHT.

Cheerfully.

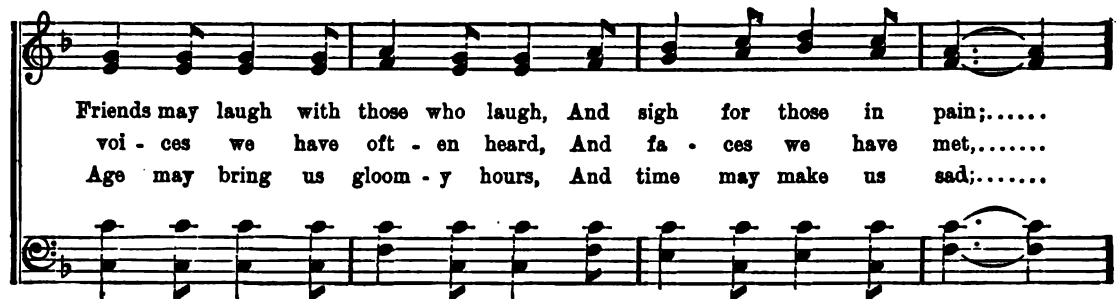


1. Hap - py are we to - night, boys, Hap - py, hap - py are we;.....
 2. Man - y will be the mile, boys, Man - y, man - y the mile,.....
 3. Wear - y we may re - turn, boys, Wear - y, wear - y at last;.....

FINE.

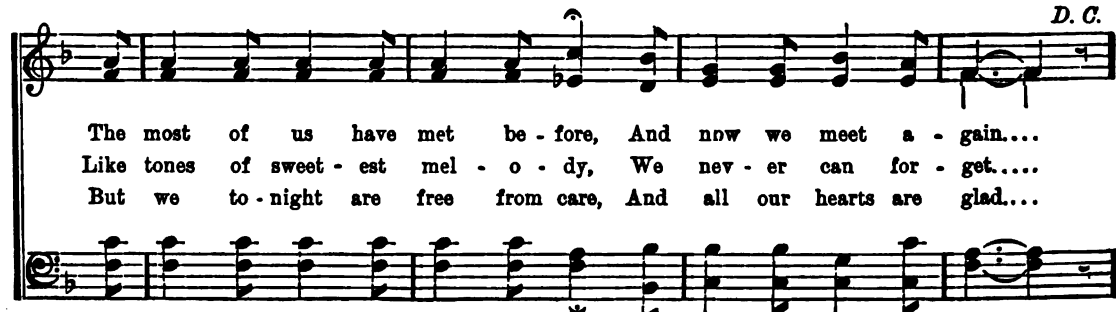


The hearts that we de - light, boys, With us may hap - py be.....
 That we shall rove and smile, boys, With those we ne'er be - guile.... The
 But mem - o - ry will learn, boys, To love the hap - py past.....



Friends may laugh with those who laugh, And sigh for those in pain;.....
 voi - ces we have oft - en heard, And fa - ces we have met,.....
 Age may bring us gloom - y hours, And time may make us sad;.....

D. C.



The most of us have met be - fore, And now we meet a - gain....
 Like tones of sweet - est mel - o - dy, We nev - er can for - get....
 But we to - night are free from care, And all our hearts are glad....

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 (76)

BAVARIAN YODEL.

TENORS.

1. All hail to the friend-ship that binds us in one, Our hearts warm-er
2. As green as the i-vy when chill-ing snows fall, Those hearts in the

BASSES.

grow as the hap-py years run; Let sor-row's cloud gath-er, we'll laugh as it
win-ter of life shall re-call The fair hours of youth, and with heart-i-est

lowers, Light-heart-ed and gay as this war-ble of ours. Ah! . . .
praise, Shall bless thee, dear Har-ward, their hap-pl-est days. Ah! . . .

ritard molto.

YODEL.

Tempo.

Ta, la, ta, la, ta, la, ta, la,

Zum, zum, zum, zum,

ta, la, ta, la, ta, la, la. la.

zum, zum, zum, la. zum, la.

(77)

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly.

Music by Stephen Adams.

Con spirito.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, marked *ff* (fortissimo). The music features a lively, rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various chords and single notes.

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano) in the first system and *f* (forte) in the second system.

1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye!" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! "You make for the boat, never

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked *f* (forte) in the first system and *p* (piano) in the second system.

lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! "Who'll heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout!" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! We mind for me!" "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo' ho! So we

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line is in 2/4 time, marked *p* (piano). The piano accompaniment is in 2/4 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) in the first system and *f* (forte) in the second system.

go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An' hoist - ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

bless 'ee sir, come a-long, "says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
 down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
 saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo

cres - cen - do. f

8va...

rall. *a tempo.*

ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall. *p*

rall.

Gai-ly, boys, make her go! An' we'll drink to-night To the Mid-ship-

rall. *f colla voce.*

Last time.

mite, Sing-ing cheer-i-ly, lads, yo ho!

f *ff*

FAREWELL FOREVER.

Words by H. B. Farnie.

Music by Michael Connelly.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with a *dolce.* marking. The left hand plays a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. A *Ped.* marking is placed under the first measure of the right hand. An asterisk (*) is placed above the final measure of the right hand.

The first vocal entry is on a single staff with two verses. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The first verse is: "1. All night... thro' thy slumbers my passionate numbers have thrill'd to thy dreaming heart, Till". The second verse is: "2. My heart... wild-ly beating would hear thee repeating Thy vow, thou art mine a - lone; And".

The second vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The tempo marking *poco agitato.* is at the beginning. The lyrics are: "drawn..... by my sor-row, Thou wak'st with the morrow, To know that this hour we part. The far..... o'er the bil-low, My dream-haunted pil-low Shall bring thee a - gain mine own. One".

The third vocal entry is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment is on two staves. The tempo marking *poco agitato.* is at the beginning. The lyrics are: "dews of last night are dry on the plain, Yet on my cheek tears are fall-ing like rain. touch on my hand, one kiss on my brow, O - ver! and thou art a mem - o - ry now." The piano part ends with a *Ped.* marking. The page number (80) is at the bottom.

FAREWELL FOREVER.

ritard.

Oh!..... Fare-well for - ev - er, Farewell to thee! Mountains may sev - er,

ritard.

Ped.

p *p ad lib.* *D.C.*

ma - ny a lea! Bright tho' our dreaming, 'Twas not to be, Farewell, my own, to thee!

Ped.

THE GOOD OLD COLLEGE DAYS.

Then while our hearts beat warm and true, Tho' life may
Then while our hearts beat warm and true,

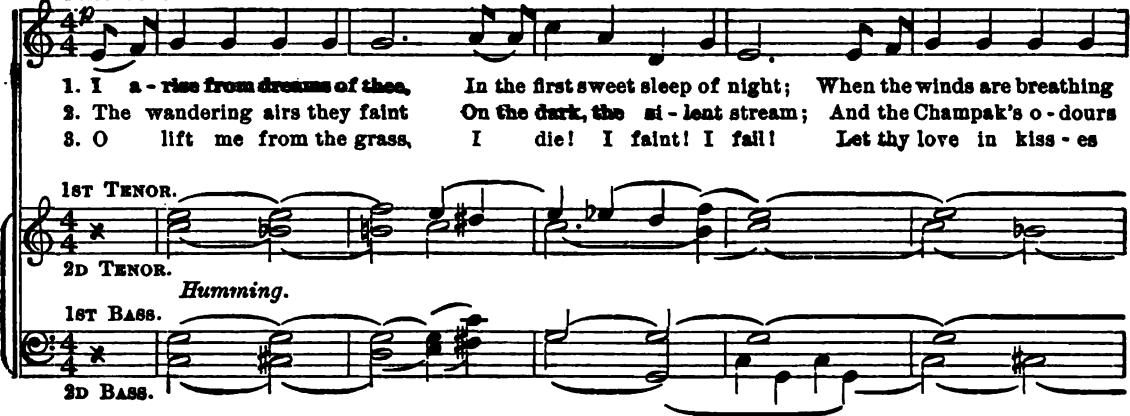
part, may part our ways, We love the
Tho' life may part, may part our ways,

dear old col - lege scenes, The good old col - lege days.
We love the dear old col - lege scenes,

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

Tourtellot.

BASS SOLO.



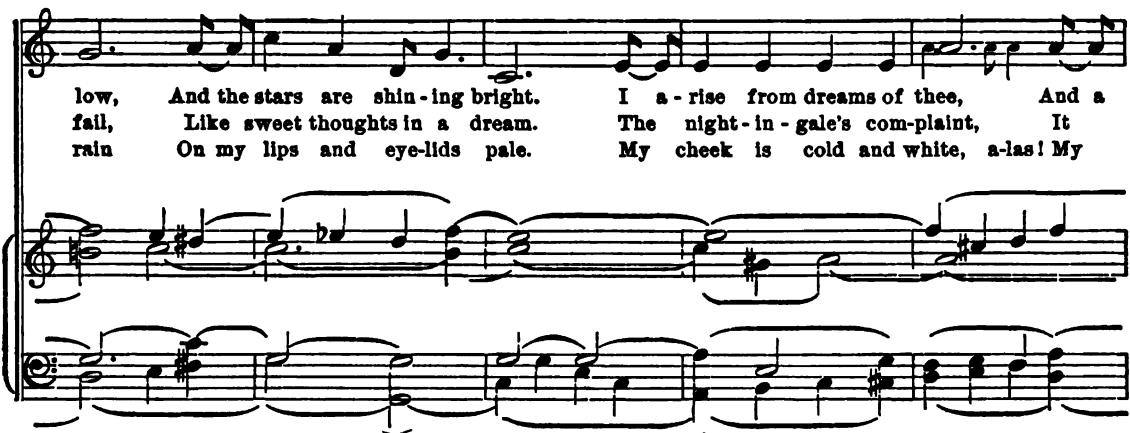
1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night; When the winds are breathing
 2. The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the si - lent stream; And the Champak's o - dours
 3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I fall! Let thy love in kiss - es

1ST TENOR.

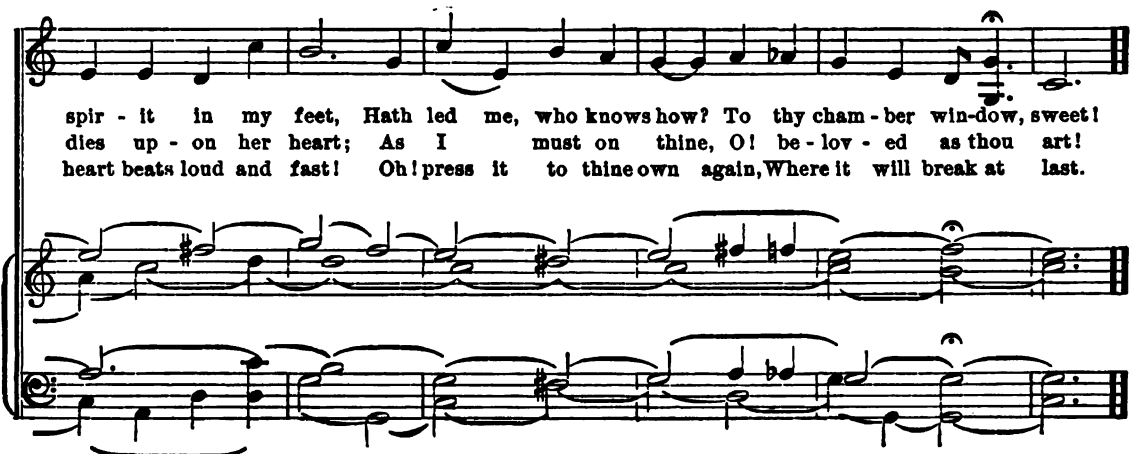
2D TENOR. *Humming.*

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.



low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
 fall, Like sweet thoughts in a dream. The night - in - gale's com - plaint, It
 rain On my lips and eye-lids pale. My cheek is cold and white, a-las! My

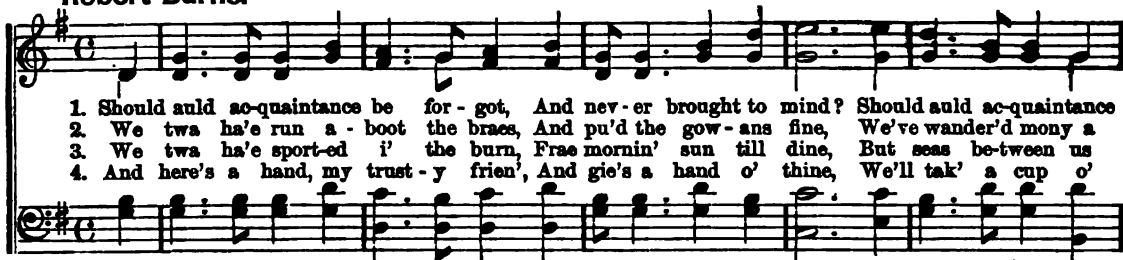


spir - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet!
 dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O! be - lov - ed as thou art!
 heart beats loud and fast! Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.

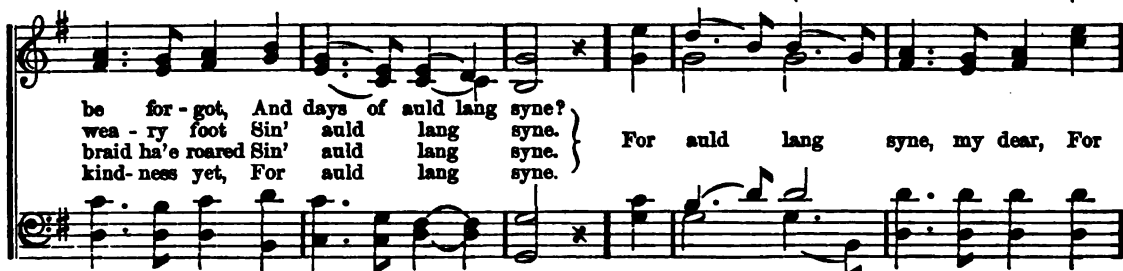
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(82)

Robert Burns.

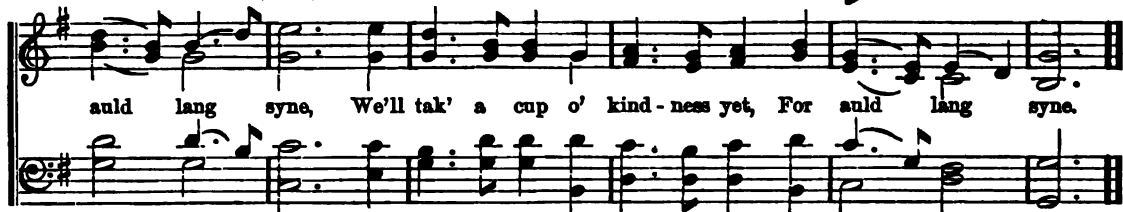
AULD LANG SYNE.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a-boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'



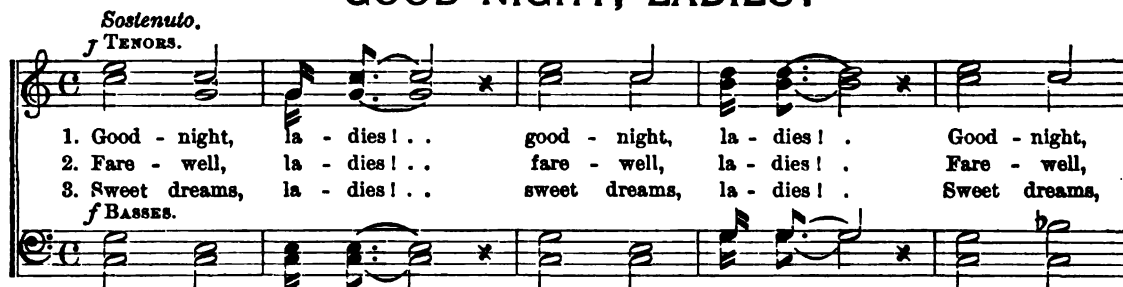
be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea-ry foot Sin' auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.



auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

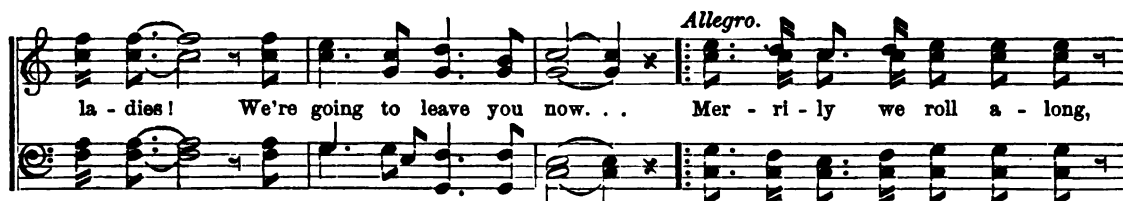
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.
f TENORS.



1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams,
f BASSES.

Allegro.



la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

Repeat. pp



roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

OH, CAROLINE!

Words by W. R. Aylett, Jr., '95.

Air: "Clementine."

- 1 See the boys from Carolina,
My, they look so mighty fine!
Brand new sweaters, pretty letters,
Fragrant with the smell of pine.

- 2 See the Tar Heels, how they're running
Turpentine from every pore;
They can manufacture "rosin,"
But they'll never, never score.

CHORUS.

See them try our ends and tackles,
But alas! it is in vain,
For each time they hear their doom in
"Carolina, ten to gain."

HIKE, VIRGINIA!

Words by L. D. Crenshaw and C. S. McVeigh, '04.

Air: "Hot Feet."

- 1 We're down from V—a to win to-day,
Virginia, Virginia, the team of '05 (naughty five). *
We're going to show the Tar Heels how to play,
Virginia, Virginia, eat 'em up alive.
We'll gain five yards at every single down—
Hear the rooters' cheers resound
From the bleachers all around.
Ray! ray!! ray!!! for Virginia's gaining ground.
Virginia, Virginia, the champions of the South.

- 2 Hear the referee call, "Virginia's ball,"
Virginia, Virginia, the team of '05.
The Tar Heels can't gain through our line at all,
Virginia, Virginia, eat 'em up alive.
The Orange and the Blue will down the Blue and White;
Though they strive with all their might
They can never win the fight.
We'll win to-day and celebrate to-night;
Virginia, Virginia, the champions of the South.

CHORUS.

So hike, Virginia, hike along, boys,
Carolina's not so strong, boys;
Break the line
Of Turpentine,
We're the team from old Virginia.

* Any year may be substituted.

THE BOYS WHO WEAR THE V.

Words by S. M. O'Brien.

Air: "Just a Little Bit Off the Top."

- 1 Just another touchdown for U. V-a., V-a.
Just another touchdown for U. V-a., V-a.
Carry the ball a yard or two, we'll tell you when to stop,
Ray! ray!! ray!!! for Virginia's on the top.

They stop the bucks, they block the kicks, Carolina's
"on the roll,"
Ray! ray!! ray!!! for Virginia kicks a goal.

- 2 Just watch the boys whose sweaters bear the V—the V,
If up-to-date football you want to see—to see.

- 3 We've just come to Norfolk for the day—the day,
To-morrow we'll go back to U. V-a., V-a.
We'll gather in Carolina's tin, Virginia's sure to win,
Ray! ray!! ray!!! then, and make a mighty din.

OH, WE TAKE HIM FROM THE COUNTRY.

Words by J. Duncan Smith and Jos. A. Turner, '95.

Air: "Tommy Atkins."

- 1 Oh, we take him from the country or the town,
And we train him and we teach him every sign;
We show him how to bring a runner down,
And how to buck and how to hit the line;
It matters little who his foemen are,
Or how the crowds around him yell and shout;
Once he's gone into the battle,
You will find him hard to rattle—
Carolina's fated soon to find it out.

CHORUS.

Oh, Cari-Cari-lina,
You're a "peach," I understand;
You're a credit to the pigskin
Throughout all the football land;
But Virginia's going to lick you,
As she's ever done before;
Long live dear old Virginia;
Here's her health for evermore.

WE'RE THE STUFF, BOYS.

AIR: "ELI BANANA."

- 1 We're the stuff, boys,
We're "up to snuff," boys,
For Virginia we will fight and win to-day;
And Chapel Hill, boys,
We'll make them ill, boys—
We're the great and glorious team of U. V. A.
- 2 Around the end, boys,
Our backs we'll send, boys,
Our centre men will break right through the line;
* Any year may be substituted.

- We'll stop their tricks, boys,
We'll block their kicks, boys,
We're the team of '05*—we're something fine.
- 3 The Norfolk girls, boys,
And they are pearls, boys,
Are out to see their favorites win once more.
Beneath their eyes, boys,
We'll take the prize, boys,
Now come and let's roll up a huge old score.

HURRAH FOR THE ORANGE AND THE BLUE.

AIR: "BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

- 1 Come, boys, and join together
And give a three times three.
There's not the team in all our land
Can beat the Varsity.
We've * Empty for our leader,
So big and strong and true,
And he will lead to victory
The Orange and the Blue.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hooray!
Now sing it loud and true.
Hurrah for the boys who back
The Orange and the Blue.

* Any name can be substituted.

- 2 The Tar Heels say they're winners,
They're talking thro' their hat.
When old Virginia's thro' with them
They won't know where they're at.
We'll paint 'em with our colors
Before the game is thro',
With mellow spots of orange
And bruises dark and blue.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hooray!
Virginia brave and true,
Sure we will bear to victory
The Orange and the Blue.
30 East Ranga.

YELLS.

LONG YELL.

Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah!!
U-ni-V-Vir-gin-i-a;
Hoo-rah-ray! Hoo-rah-ray!!
Ray! Ray!! U-V-A!!!

NEW YELL.

Ray, ray, ray! [drag out]
Rah! Rah!
Virginia!
Team! Team!! Team!!!

ALL THREE.

Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah!!
U-ni-V-Vir-gin-i-a;
Hoo-rah-ray! Hoo-rah-ray!!
Ray! Ray!! U-V-A!!!
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
Virginia! Virginia!! Virginia!!!
Give 'em the axe! the axe!! the axe!!!
Give 'em the axe! the axe!! the axe!!!
Where? Right in the neck! Right in the neck!!
Right in the neck!!! Virginia!

Hike! Hike!! Hike!!!
Hike! Hike!! Hike!!!

DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er;
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

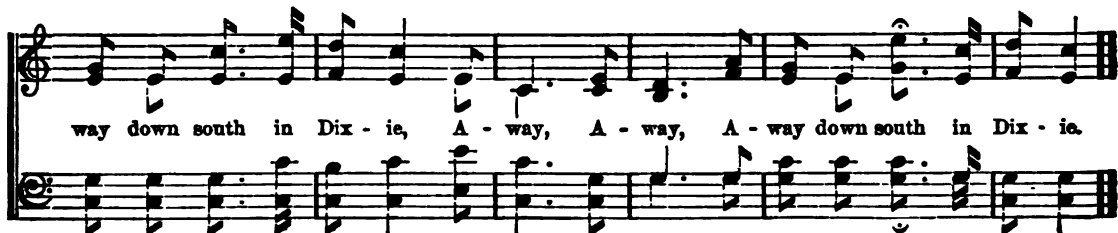
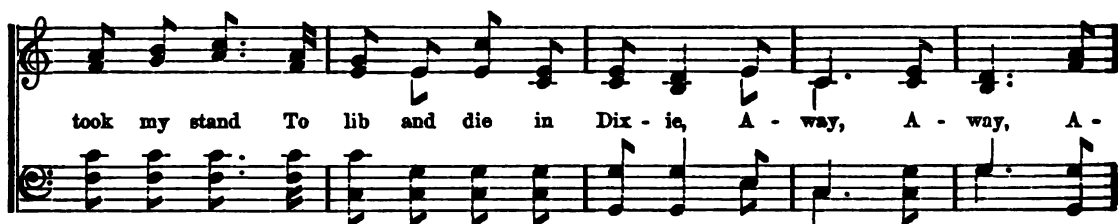
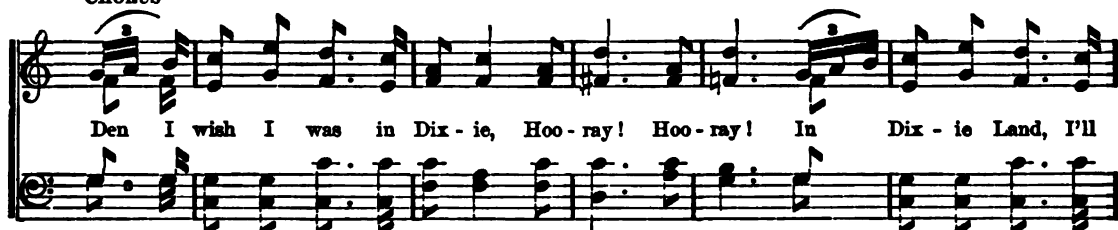


Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And



Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-in, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS



4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.,

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

Words by Fred. E. Weatherly.

Music by Stephen Adams.

Con spirito.

ff

p

1. 'Twas in 'fif - ty-five, on a win - ter's night, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho ! We'd got the Roo - shan
2. We launched the cutter an' shoved her out, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho ! The lub - bers might ha'
3. "I'm done for now, good - bye !" says he, Stead-i - ly, my lads, yo ho ! "You make for the boat, never

lines in sight, When up comes a lit - tle Mid - ship-mite, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho ! "Who'll heard us shout, As the Mid - dy cried, "Now, my lads, put a - bout !" Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho ! We mind for me ! "We'll take 'ee back, sir, or die," says we, Cheer-i - ly, my lads, yo ho ! So we

8va.

go a - shore to - night," says he, "An' spike their guns a - long wi' me?" "Why made for the guns, an' we rammed them tight, But the mus - ket shots came left and right, An' hoist-ed him in, in a ter - ri - ble plight, An' we pulled, ev - 'ry man with all his might, An'

mf *f*

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

bless 'ee sir, come a-long, 'says we, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
down drops the poor little Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo
saved the poor lit-tle Mid-ship-mite, Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo ho! . Cheer-i-ly, my lads, yo

cres - cen - do. f

8va....

rall. *a tempo.*
ho! With a long, long pull, An' a strong, strong pull,

rall. *p*

rall.
Gal - ly, boys, make her go! An' we'll drink to - night To the Mid - ship -

rall. *f colla voce.*

Last time.
mite, Sing - ing cheer - i - ly, lads, yo ho!

f *ff*

FAREWELL FOREVER.

Words by H. B. Farnie.

Music by Michael Connelly.

dolce. *Ped.* *

1. All night... thro' thy slumbers my passionate numbers Have thrill'd to thy dreaming heart, Till
2. My heart... wild-ly beating would hear thee repeating Thy vow, thou art mine a - lone; And

poco agitato.
drawn..... by my sor-row, Thou wak'st with the morrow, To know that this hour we part. The
far..... o'er the bil-low, My dream-haunted pil-low Shall bring thee a - gain mine own. One

dews of last night are dry on the plain, Yet on my cheeks tears are fall - ing like rain.
touch on my hand, one kiss on my brow, O - ver! and thou art a mem - o - ry now.

poco agitato.
Ped. (80)

FAREWELL FOREVER.

ritard.

Oh!..... Fare-well for - ev - er, Farewell to thee! Mountains may sev - er,

ritard.

Ped.

p *p ad lib.* *D.C.*

ma - ny a lea! Bright tho' our dreaming, 'Twas not to be, Farewell, my own, to thee!

Ped.

THE GOOD OLD COLLEGE DAYS.

Then while our hearts..... beat warm and true,..... Tho' life may
 Then while our hearts beat warm and true,

part,..... may part our ways,..... We love the
 Tho' life may part, may part our ways,

dear..... old col - lege scenes, The good old col - lege days.
 We love the dear old col - lege scenes,

I ARISE FROM DREAMS OF THEE.

Tourtellot.

BASS SOLO.

1. I a - rise from dreams of thee, In the first sweet sleep of night; When the winds are breathing
 2. The wandering airs they faint On the dark, the si - lent stream; And the Champak's o - dours
 3. O lift me from the grass, I die! I faint! I fall! Let thy love in kiss - es

1ST TENOR.
 2D TENOR. *Humming.*
 1ST BASS.
 2D BASS.

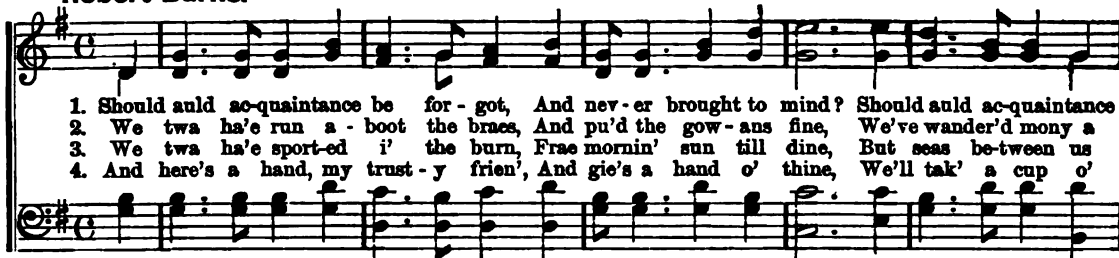
low, And the stars are shin - ing bright. I a - rise from dreams of thee, And a
 fall, Like sweet thoughts in a dream. The night - in - gale's com - plaint, It
 rain On my lips and eye - lids pale. My cheek is cold and white, a - las! My

spir - it in my feet, Hath led me, who knows how? To thy cham - ber win - dow, sweet!
 dies up - on her heart; As I must on thine, O! be - lov - ed as thou art!
 heart beats loud and fast! Oh! press it to thine own again, Where it will break at last.

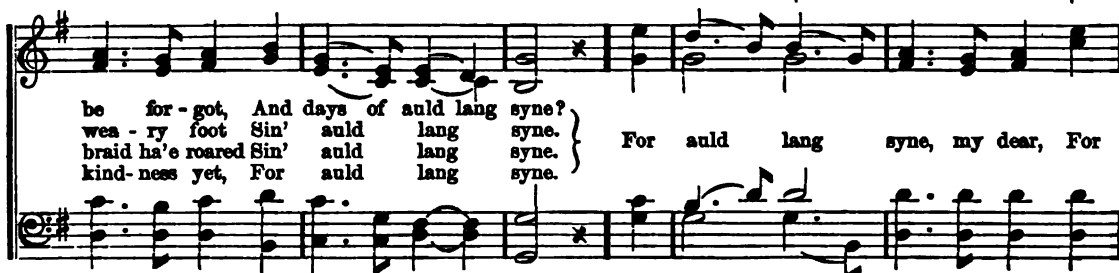
By permission.
 (83)

Robert Burns.

AULD LANG SYNE.



1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'



be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne. } For auld lang syne, my dear, For




auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

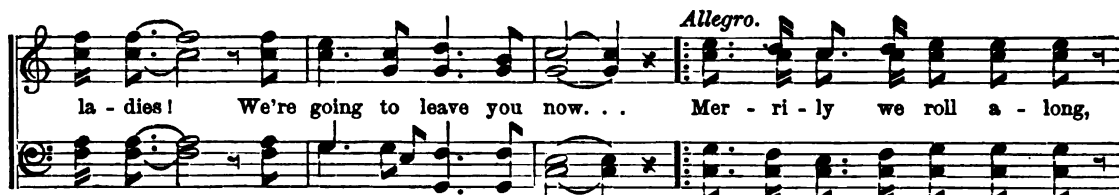
GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.

f TENORS.



1. Good - night, la - dies! . . . good - night, la - dies! . . . Good - night,
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! . . . fare - well, la - dies! . . . Fare - well,
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . sweet dreams, la - dies! . . . Sweet dreams,
f BASSES.



la - dies! We're going to leave you now. . . Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,



roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

Repeat. pp

OH, CAROLINE!

Words by W. R. Aylett, Jr., '95.

- 1 See the boys from Carolina,
My, they look so mighty fine!
Brand new sweaters, pretty letters,
Fragrant with the smell of pine.

Air: "Clementine."

- 2 See the Tar Heels, how they're running
Turpentine from every pore;
They can manufacture "rosin,"
But they'll never, never score.

CHORUS.

See them try our ends and tackles,
But alas! it is in vain,
For each time they hear their doom in
"Carolina, ten to gain."

HIKE, VIRGINIA!

Words by L. D. Crenshaw and C. S. McVeigh, '04.

Air: "Hot Feet."

- 1 We're down from V—a to win to-day,
Virginia, Virginia, the team of '05 (naughty five). *
We're going to show the Tar Heels how to play,
Virginia, Virginia, eat 'em up alive.
We'll gain five yards at every single down—
Hear the rooters' cheers resound
From the bleachers all around.
Ray! ray!! ray!!! for Virginia's gaining ground.
Virginia, Virginia, the champions of the South.

- 2 Hear the referee call, "Virginia's ball,"
Virginia, Virginia, the team of '05.
The Tar Heels can't gain through our line at all,
Virginia, Virginia, eat 'em up alive.
The Orange and the Blue will down the Blue and White;
Though they strive with all their might
They can never win the fight.
We'll win to-day and celebrate to-night;
Virginia, Virginia, the champions of the South.

CHORUS.

So hike, Virginia, hike along, boys,
Carolina's not so strong, boys;
Break the line
Of Turpentine,
We're the team from old Virginia.

* Any year may be substituted.

THE BOYS WHO WEAR THE V.

Words by S. M. O'Brien.

Air: "Just a Little Bit Off the Top."

- 1 Just another touchdown for U. V-a., V-a.
Just another touchdown for U. V-a., V-a.
Carry the ball a yard or two, we'll tell you when to stop,
Ray! ray!! ray!!! for Virginia's on the top.

2 Just watch the boys whose sweaters bear the V—the V,
If up-to-date football you want to see—to see.

- They stop the bucks, they block the kicks, Carolina's
"on the roll,"
Ray! ray!! ray!!! for Virginia kicks a goal.

3 We've just come to Norfolk for the day—the day,
To-morrow we'll go back to U. V-a., V-a.
We'll gather in Carolina's tin, Virginia's sure to win,
Ray! ray!! ray!!! then, and make a mighty din.

OH, WE TAKE HIM FROM THE COUNTRY.

Words by J. Duncan Smith and Jos. A. Turner, '95.

Air: "Tommy Atkins."

- 1 Oh, we take him from the country or the town,
And we train him and we teach him every sign;
We show him how to bring a runner down,
And how to buck and how to hit the line;
It matters little who his foemen are,
Or how the crowds around him yell and shout;
Once he's gone into the battle,
You will find him hard to rattle—
Carolina's fated soon to find it out.

CHORUS.

Oh, Cari-Cari-lina,
You're a "peach." I understand;
You're a credit to the pigskin
Throughout all the football land;
But Virginia's going to lick you,
As she's ever done before;
Long live dear old Virginia;
Here's her health for evermore.

WE'RE THE STUFF, BOYS.

AIR: "ELI BANANA."

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 We're the stuff, boys,
We're "up to snuff," boys,
For Virginia we will fight and win to-day;
And Chapel Hill, boys,
We'll make them ill, boys—
We're the great and glorious team of U. V. A.</p> <p>2 Around the end, boys,
Our backs we'll send, boys,
Our centre men will break right through the line;
* Any year may be substituted.</p> | <p>We'll stop their tricks, boys,
We'll block their kicks, boys,
We're the team of '05*—we're something fine.</p> <p>3 The Norfolk girls, boys,
And they are pearls, boys,
Are out to see their favorites win once more.
Beneath their eyes, boys,
We'll take the prize, boys,
Now come and let's roll up a huge old score.</p> |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

HURRAH FOR THE ORANGE AND THE BLUE.

AIR: "BONNIE BLUE FLAG."

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>1 Come, boys, and join together
And give a three times three.
There's not the team in all our land
Can beat the Varsity.
We've * Empty for our leader,
So big and strong and true,
And he will lead to victory
The Orange and the Blue.</p> | <p>2 The Tar Heels say they're winners,
They're talking thro' their hat.
When old Virginia's thro' with them
They won't know where they're at.
We'll paint 'em with our colors
Before the game is thro',
With mellow spots of orange
And bruises dark and blue.</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hooray!
Now sing it loud and true.
Hurrah for the boys who back
The Orange and the Blue.

* Any name can be substituted.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hooray!
Virginia brave and true,
Sure we will bear to victory
The Orange and the Blue.
80 East Range.

YELLS.

LONG YELL.

Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah!!
U-ni-V-Vir-gin-i-a;
Hoo-rah-ray! Hoo-rah-ray!!
Ray! Ray!! U-V-A!!!

NEW YELL.

Ray, ray, ray! [drag out]
Rah! Rah!
Virginia!
Team! Team!! Team!!!

ALL THREE.

Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah!!
U-ni-V-Vir-gin-i-a;
Hoo-rah-ray! Hoo-rah-ray!!
Ray! Ray!! U-V-A!!!
Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!
Virginia! Virginia!! Virginia!!!
Give 'em the axe! the axe!! the axe!!!
Give 'em the axe! the axe!! the axe!!!
Where? Right in the neck! Right in the neck!!
Right in the neck!!! Virginia!

Hike! Hike!! Hike!!!
Hike! Hike!! Hike!!!

DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.



1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ten, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Old Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-wea-ber," Will-ium was a gay de-ceab-er;
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea-ber, But dat did not seem to greab'er;

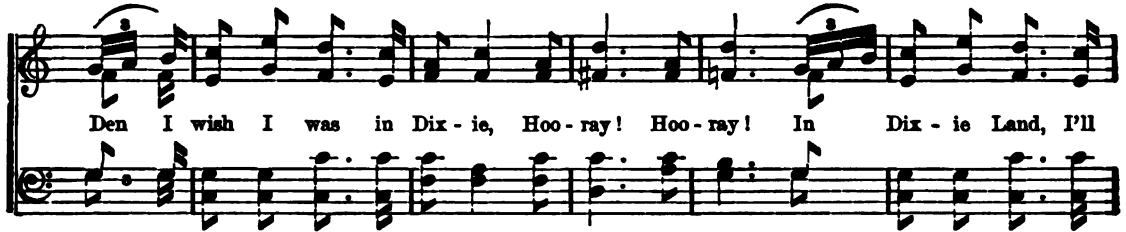


Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round'er, He
Look a-way, Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Old Mis-sus act-ed the fool-ish part, And

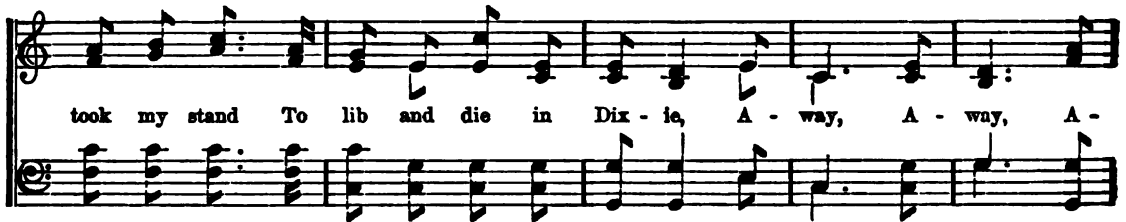


Ear-ly on one fros-ty morn-in, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
smiled as fierce as a for-ty pounder, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS



Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll



took my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-



way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.,

5 Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.,

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